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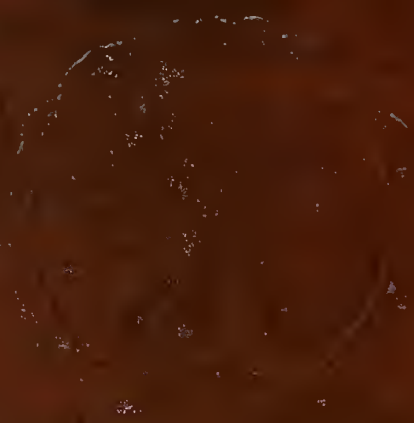
PUBLIC SCHOOLS, GREENVILLE, OHIO
TO TRAIN FOR GOOD CITIZENSHIP
TREATY CITY
1795



Joe Stokes

EX LIBRIS

The Chief

Published by The Senior Class
of the Greenville High School

With the Aid and Assistance of the
Students of the Greenville
High School

VOLUME XI

MAY 1921

Allen County Public Library
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

This Book is Dedicated to

Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen

Whose splendid co-operation helped to
make this book possible

7136667

Oh! How we love you dear old G. H. S.
Of all the other schools you are the best,
You'll be known in history for this famous victory;
Oh! How we love you dear old G. H. S.

Foreword

THIS book is a reflection of life in the Greenville High School. We hope that it will be as interesting and as entertaining to those who are to continue their work here as to those who graduate with the Class of 1921. We believe that "The Chief" will bring happy memories to those who have already graduated and are traveling the broader pathways of life. We also cherish the hope that it will meet with the approval of the public.

Great credit must be given to the business managers and to the art editors, for they have done much to make this year's Annual a success. We wish to extend our thanks to the advertisers and to the subscribers, who have so loyally supported us from year to year, and to the students and the faculty who have co-operated in collecting and preparing the material.

We have endeavored to bring to the readers pictures, portraying High School activities in the G. H. S. If we have accomplished this, we feel that we have been repaid for our effort in editing the High School Annual. We present to you "The Chief of 1921."

HARRY E. CULBERTSON.

The way pupils attend High School at the county seat of the richest agricultural county in the State of Ohio and the third richest county in the United States

W C. ROHLEDER
History and Science

C. L. ALLEN
History and Civics

R. E. KESSLER
Mathematics and Science

J. W. GOWDY
Latin

C. L. BAILEY
Principal

MINOR McCOOL
Superintendent

HARRY C. METZGER
Assistant Principal
Physics and Chemistry

ANNA BIER
Art

BERTHA KELZ
Music

DOROTHY EVANS
Physical Education

ALBERTA ROSS
Household Arts

EDNA KIDWELL
English

ADA MORRIS
Mathematics

SYLVIA BALTHASER
Commercial Department

ANNA STEPHENS
Typewriting and Stenography

HELEN LINDSEY
English

MARGARET LAIR
English and Mathematics

GLADYS DAVENPORT
English

H. H. KRICKENBERGER
Industrial Art

D. C. DRAKE
Athletics

PAUL C. WARNER
Biology and Agriculture

OTHELLO OTTMAN
Spanish

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Athletic Editors ..... William C. Jobes, Doris A. Kerlin

Humor Editor ..... Robert M. Ganger

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Staff Secretary ..... Nellie Dunham

Typists ..... Myron Kemble, Emerson E. Livington, Mildred I. French, Bessie M. Huffman, Sarah Ross, Josephine Jones, Elanor Mary Johannes

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THE STAFF

EDITORIAL

AMERICANIZATION

Americanization! What is it? We read about it, we talk about it, but, do we think about it? Americanization is not the question of opening or closing our gates to many aliens waiting to come in, but caring for those already here and making them desirable citizens.

Americanization has been called the "get-together spirit." This shows there are two sides to the question. And so there are. Before we can truly Americanize the alien, we native born Americans must have some knowledge of those who come to our country. Their civilization is much older than ours. They love and are proud of their ways and customs which they have inherited from their ancestors. When they come, we give them many, many things and they in turn bring with them to us, things that will enrich the life of our nation. When we reach the view point that mutual help is necessary, it will not take long to solve the problem.

The first essential in proper assimilation of our foreign born is to teach them the English language. We cannot have a unified nation unless we nave a common tongue so we can understand each other.

Only a small portion of these people can be brought into night schools and we must reach them through their work. Especially trained teachers for class work, regular teachers able to do night work, trained social workers and men and women who are deeply interested in this problem, should be employed to meet these people at the most convenient time and work with them.

The instruction should not be limited to test books alone, but should include everything which they do not understand. Health conditions, especially, should hold a large place in their instruction. If we expect the alien to make a happy and contented citizen, he must know how to keep himself physically fit.

The congested condition in our cities and the large army of unemployed are among the foremost questions of today. These problems are due to the large number of foreigners in our cities. Distribution of foreigners has been suggested as a remedy for these conditions. This will send them into the country. Thus, in scattering them about, where needed, we will overcome any chance of their forming foreign settlements, and bring them in contact with more Americans. In this way they will grasp, far more readily, American ways and with the learning of the English language, they will come to respect our American institutions and make helpful, law-abiding citizens. THELMA DOLORES FAUGHT, '22.

MERELY A SUGGESTION

How do you study? If you have a hard task to perform, it is a great economy of effort to start it at once. A hundred rules for study could be named, but these are a few of the most important ones sent out by Principal Bailey at the beginning of this school year:

1. Keep yourself in good physical condition.
2. Form habits of study, such as a place-study habit and a time-study habit.
3. Concentrate on the subject you are studying.
4. Do not apply for help until you have to.
5. Get rid of the idea that you are studying for the teacher.
6. Form the habit of mentally reviewing each paragraph as soon as you have read it.
7. Find out by trial whether you succeed better by beginning with the hardest or the easiest task, when you are confronted by several tasks of unequal difficulty.
8. Have a clear notion of the aim.
9. In all your work apply your knowledge as much as possible and as soon as possible.
10. Form the habit of working out your own concrete examples of all general rules and principles.

If we followed these rules faithfully all the year we would not have to feel this way:

That cram-jam-exam time
  Is drawing very near;
Around you, very plainly
  If you listen, you can hear
The wails of all poor students
  Who've enjoyed themselves this year.
Now, if you're sympathetic
  Won't you shed for us a tear?
We try to keep our mem'ries
  Up in our top floors bunked.
But what's the use?---we're bound to hear
  At least two words---"You've flunked."
This is the last part of the year,
  When everybody crams.
Our mothers shout, our teachers spout
  "Look out for your exams!"

Startling, is it not, to learn that the United States occupies the ninth place of all the civilized countries of the world in education? In Darke County alone, there are five hundred and twenty-two men of voting age who can neither read nor write. The number of illiterates over ten years of age is nine hundred and eighty-eight. In Greenville there are one hundred and eighteen people over ten years of age who can neither read nor write.

Now it is up to the students of Greenville Hi to decrease this number of uneducated people as much as possible.

All this, of course, is merely a suggestion.

MARGARET BROWN, '24.

DYEING--FOR THE HOSPITAL

Greenville decided to build a hospital. What the pupils of the Greenville Public Schools could do to help in this undertaking, was the important question discussed by Mr. McCool and Miss Bier.

The Domestic Art classes, under the direction of the art instructor, had been tying and dyeing unbleached muslin, making many wonderfully colored pillow-covers, runners, blouses and bags, artistic and unusual, suitable gifts for the Christmas season. This suggested the idea of having the girls try their luck with the magic dye pot and sixty yards of muslin and of disposing of the results, at a sale to be held at Memorial Hall.

Great was the excitement when the articles were tied, when they were put into the dye, when they were stirred, and finally, when they were carried, dripping over the stoves, tables and floor to the sink where they were rinsed and hung up to dry. Are we going to dye today? Are you ready to dye? These were the questions heard each morning at the beginning of the class. Stirring the materials constantly was certainly hot work, especially when they had to be kept at the boiling point; but when we thought what a worthy cause it was for, we sighed, wiped the perspiration, with already damp handkerchiefs, from our faces, and continued stirring the full forty-five minutes required. We could hardly wait until the articles were dry enough to open and see the spot in each design which always varies and makes the figure more interesting. Some girls did not have the patience to wait for them to dry, so unwrapped the cord at once. Alas! Almost immediately the terrible hand of fate came in to punish these thoughtless girls, for the dye slowly but steadily began to creep into the design which was completely destroyed.

After becoming dry, the articles which had been dyed were taken to the sewing room where, under the direction of Miss Ross, we proceeded to add a touch of black or colored yarn, to put in the hems of the scarfs, and to make the pillow covers.

Finally, the day arrived for the sale and found us in fear and trembling. The articles were first shown to our good friend, Mrs. St. Clair, who is ever ready to encourage and help us in our work. She was so delighted with the results that she purchased six pillows and left an order for more. In the afternoon came a public spirited citizen who bought five and remarked that their bright, attractive colors were just what he was looking for. People continued to come and buy but when night came, there remained a number unsold.

Then one day Miss Bier, with a mysterious air announced, that all the sewing and art classes were to appear before her at 3:15. The mystified pupils entered the room. Those who could, seized a chair and the others lined up around the room, waiting for the mystery to be solved. This occurred when Miss Bier solemnly announced that we should hold an auction to dispose of the remaining tied and dyed articles. Lois Booker, who had before this shown unusual powers, was to be the auctioneer and I was asked to serve as clerk.

The sale began at once. Lois took her stand on a chair which handsomely supported her weight, and holding up a gorgeous scarf containing all the colors of the rainbow, began, "This is a perfectly good piece! No holes in it! Stylish gift shops in the cities easily get two dollars and fifty cents for one like this! You pay for the design rather than for the cost of material only, when you buy of the city shop. Who will bid thirty-five cents? Forty? Sixty? Eighty? One dollar and a quarter? Sold to Freeman Warner!"

It looked like Freeman would have liked to buy all of them. However, he did not succeed in this for many were sold to other bidders. One of these buyers was too timid to bid and so had Freeman, the experienced one, bid for him. It was discovered later that timid freshman was Willy Rush.

We have never heard why Willy wanted that particular rose colored one nor what the boys did with all those lovely, vivid colored pieces they bought. It is suspicioned that some of the Senior boys are saving them for next year, when they go to house-keeping.

Lois was so successful that she promises in the future to rival Darke County's famous auctioneer. She even succeeded in disposing of a top for a pincushion. The mistified students were relieved of their fright and suffered no after effects except the lightening of their pocketbooks. Likewise, the girls have suffered no after effects, and feel that they have not dyed in vain, but for a noble cause

But all this activity was only a part of what was done by the pupils in the Greenville schools to add to the hospital fund. The boys, not to be beaten by the girls, made toys in the Manual Training department, and sold them. Grade children had a wonderful sale of their hand-colored cards, thus giving their share to the fund.

All together the sum of $514.70 was cleared, $61.10 of which was from tied and dyed articles sold. The entire sum earned by the students of the various schools has been placed on deposit ready to equip a room in the hospital when the building is ready.

LORENA MENDENHALL '21

THE VALUE OF SPARE MOMENTS

Few pupils realize as they pass through school days, the importance of time. It is said to be so valuable that but one moment at a time is given to us. And if we use each moment properly, as

it comes, the most difficult lessons may be learned and many good books may be read.

Eminent men and women in the past have told us that they owed many of their accomplishments, in the world, to the fact that they made use of the spare moments in their daily life. Thomas A. Edison could not have given to the world all the inventions and applications of electricity, which he has, if he had not been a constant worker, striving to give something to the world that would be of use to his fellow men.

The educated mind is an active mind. It can entertain thoughts that are noble, pure and uplifting, which will give strength and beauty to the character; or it can allow to be entertained thoughts that are low and degrading, which will, if continued leave a blur or scar upon the human soul.

By constantly striving to improve each passing moment, we may be able to gather rich stores of knowledge in the springtime of life, for use and enjoyment when winter age comes on, and also, be able to accomplish something worth while for humanity and the world.

DOROTHY YOUNKER, '24.

CO-OPERATION

If a number of persons were asked the question, "What is the most essential quality of a good high school?" the majority of them would probably answer, "A well trained teaching force." But, while an excellent faculty is necessary for a high standard school, there is another essential quality, without which the school is a failure. I refer to co-operation. A teacher may be able to explain a subject thoroughly, but of what value will that be to the student if he does not give his attention to what the instructor says?

In our high school we have several splendid examples of co-operation. Our foot-ball and basket-ball teams did wonders as the result of team-work. They realized that one man could not accomplish much without the co-operation of the rest of the team, and it was this understanding that made them winners. Our Glee Club and Orchestra furnish other good examples of co-operation. The members of these organizations all work together. No one person tries to distinguish himself above the others, for he knows that in so doing he would spoil the harmony of the entire organization.

Many schools are classed as low standard schools. Who is to blame for this? The faculty in each of these schools? Certainly not. The blame generally lies with the pupils themselves. Many students go to high school with the idea of doing just enough work to get a diploma at the end of their four years. Such persons are the ones who are to blame for the low standard of scholarship in the schools which they attend. Day after day, they come to school with lessons unprepared, and of course entire classes are held back by these people. They do not seem to realize that the standard of any

school depends upon the students, or if they do, they do not care enough for the honor of their school to try to lift its standard. They lack the spirit of co-operation.

In many of the activities of our own high school, we lack this important thing, especially in our classes. Our teachers can assign lessons, but they cannot help us to advance unless we study those lessons. Why can we not show the same spirit in our classes that we display at the games? Our teachers can do very little to advance the standard of the school without the co-operation of the students, and the students likewise, can do little without help from the teachers.

There is only one way to correct this serious defect in our high school, and that is for the students and the faculty to work together. Get the right school spirit, and encourage others to do so. It is co-operation we need and must have, or our standard can never be lifted to the high plane which it should reach. For it is by co-operation, and co-operation only, that a school can be made all that it should be.

LOIS E. LOHMANN, '21.

OUR OLD BUILDING

Everyone is interested in something new. But our high school building is old, very old, in fact much too old, though we have to be satisfied with it for the simple reason that we have no other.

This city is located in one of the richest farming districts in the United States. Each year its citizens appropriate vast sums for the paving of streets and highways, building or improving fine churches and places of business, yet we, for want of a better, have to go to the same old school building, with its disfigured desks, its torrid or frigid rooms, its useless ventilation system and bad conditions in general.

Recently, Sidney erected a new high school building, costing thousands of dollars. Ansonia has a new building as fine as any in this part of the state.

The fact the "Old West" has been moved from one location to another, and condemned, does not seem to worry our elders who remark, "If it was good enough for us, it is good enough for our children." But do you really think it is, dear reader?

BIRELY LANDIS, '22.

An Excerpt From Virgil's "Aenid"

I sing of a hero brave and bold,
They called him Aeneas, so we're told,
By fate he was forced to roam around
'Till at last a great city he could found.

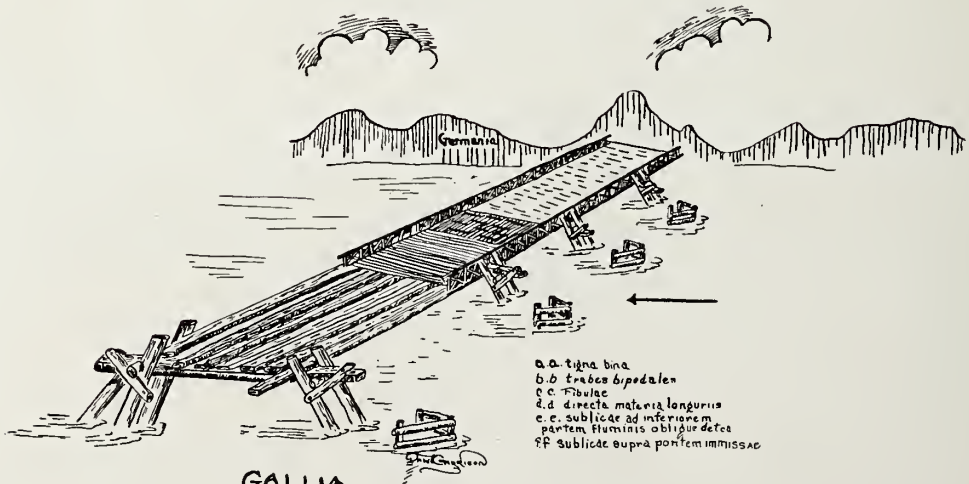
Now Troy was so large and had such strength,
That only by guile she fell at length,
The Greeks then set fire to all of Troy,
But Aeneas escaped with wife and boy.

Our hero watched o'er the refugees,
He helped them build ships to sail the seas,
The fates thus agreed, his wife then died,
So he sought a new land and second bride.

The ships were soon wrecked on Africa's coast,
At Carthage of which Dido did boast,
Aeneas told all his tales to her
'Till she felt in love with this voyager.

The gods threatened him in idleness,
He left Dido in unhappiness,
And she was so "peeved" at his rash act
That she slew herself the very next night.

CATHERINE KATZENBERGER '21



Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-One

ONE balmy day in early September in the year nineteen hundred and seventeen, this worthy and esteemed class entered into the loving care of G. H. S. Like every other Freshman class we greatly resembled young grass in color. However, our bump of curosity was of mammoth proportions, so it was not many moons ere we had learned all there was to be learned concerning the life and traditions of G. H. S. Thus accustomed to our new mode of living, we at once determined to put ourselves and our Alma Mater on the map in large red letters.

With this goal in view, we entered into the many and varied activities of our famous institution of learning with such a spirit and dash that the "pep of the Class of '21," became a phrase signifying the "pep supreme." Since the very start our members have been leaders in all the various phases of High School life.

Take a hasty look at the personnel of the school athletics teams and see the number of our men. In this, our last year, fifty percent of the men who fought the battles of the Green and White, also wore the Old Rose and Silver. Pick up any Annual of recent date and see the works of our artists. If you are in doubt as to our musical talent, just find out to which class many of the members of the several musical organizations belong. Our dramatic ability is also far famed, and we proved our worth as debaters by defeating last year's Senior class in a stirring debate on the Mexican question.

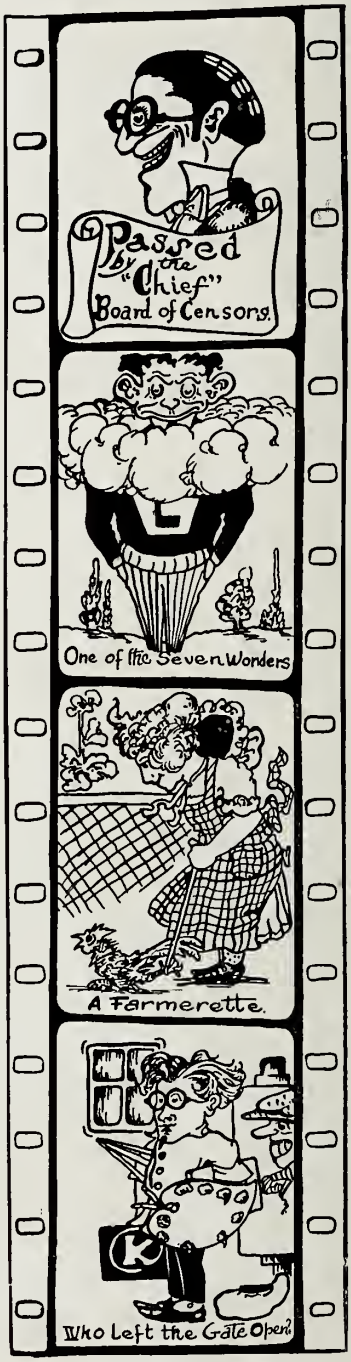
As we leave the teachers will sigh, partly in sadness and partly in relief, for with all our good qualities we have had our share of faults. Yet we know that our good deeds have far surpassed these, and trust that we will be remembered by them, rather than by our frequent misdemeanors. Thus we finish our High School career, confident that we have distinguished ourselves, and hoping that the name of Greenville High School will shine brighter and the Green and White a little prouder because of the Class of 1921. HARVEY D. RUSH '21

JOHN C. FOX

EARL K. JACKSON

ESTHER V. BOWMAN

RAY KELLER



FOREST L. ARMSTRONG

CLEO L. BENIEN

MARY ESTHER BOLICH

LOIS LILLIAN BOOKER

MARY ETTA BOYER

MARY BUCHANAN

MARY ANNA CALDERWOOD

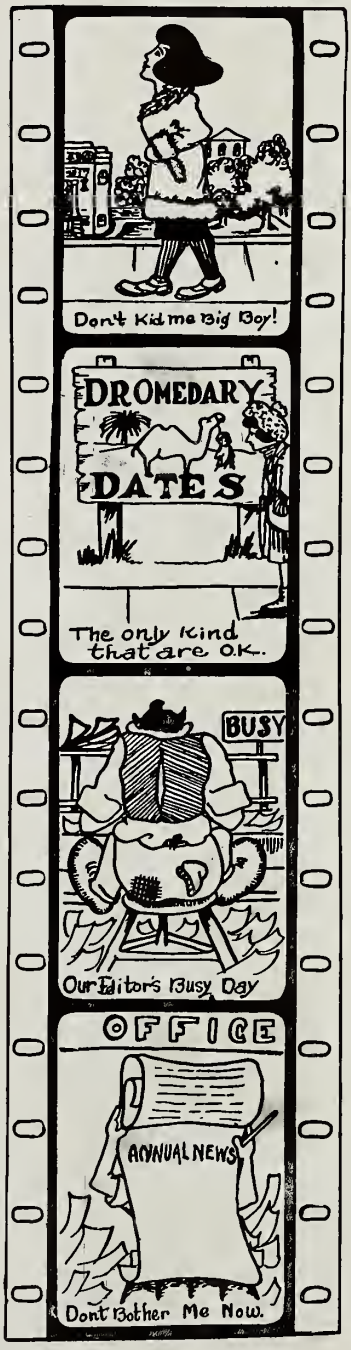
E. J. COLVILLE

MARGARET E. COOKE

DOROTHY COPPOCK

HARRY E. CULBERTSON

NELLIE MARCH DUNHAM

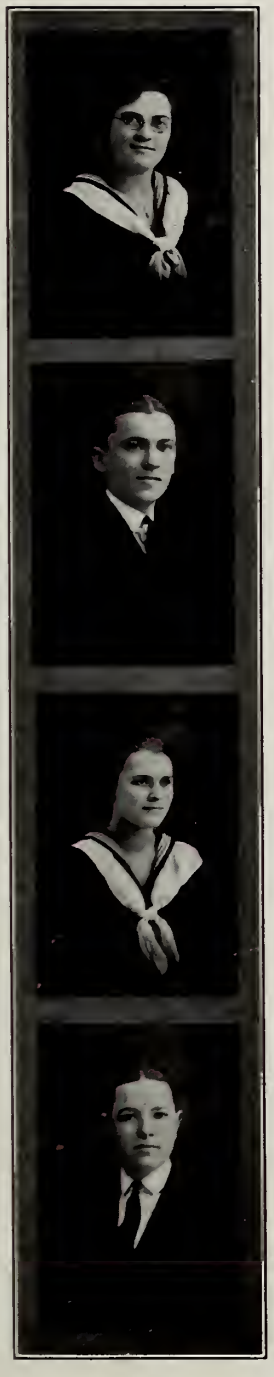


DASSIE EATON

RALPH ERISMAN

ADAH M. FOX

OPAL M. FOX

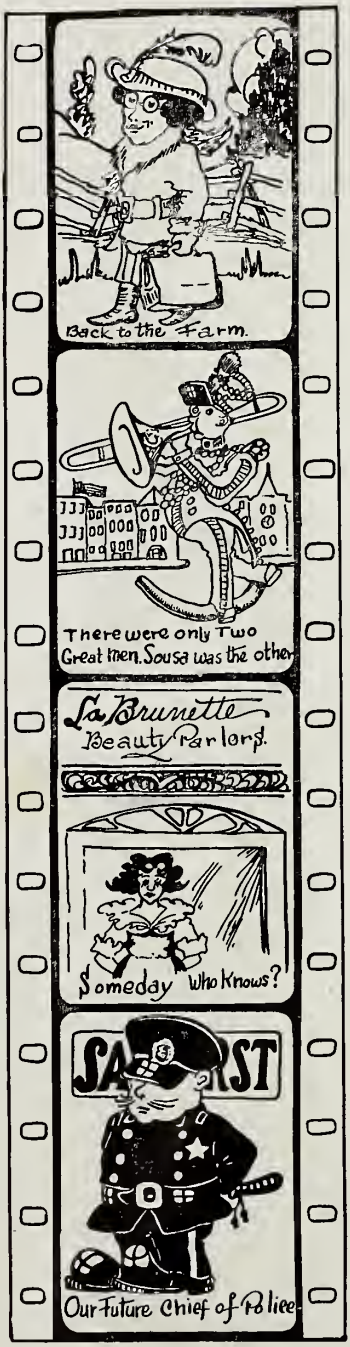


MILDRED IRIS FRENCH

ROBERT M. GANGER

BERTHA ROSELLA GLESSNER

JAMES E. HELMAN


Back to the Farm.
There were only Two Great men. Sousa was the other
La Brunette Beauty Parlors
Someday Who Knows?
Our Future Chief of Police

RUBY M. HOKE

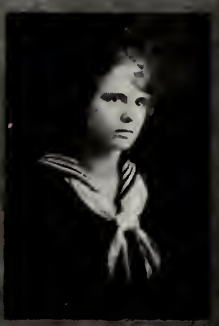
BESSIE M. HUFFMAN

VERA FAY HUFFORD

MARY ESTHER HUGHES

WILLIAM C. JOBES

ELEANOR MARY
JOHANNES



HELEN L. JOHANNES

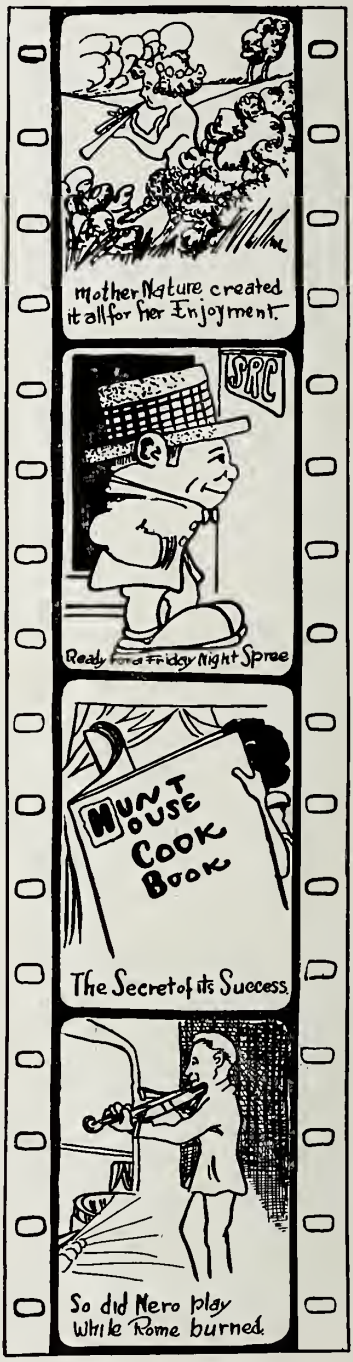
JOSEPHINE JONES

CATHARINE
KATZENBERGER

JAMES A. KELLER

ETHEL MERL KING

MYRON H. KEMBLE


Mother Nature created it all for her Enjoyment.
SRC
Ready for a Friday Night Spree
MUNT HOUSE COOK BOOK
The Secret of its Success.
So did Nero play While Rome burned.

DORIS A. KERLIN

GILBERT LEASE

LOIS ELIZABETH LOHMANN

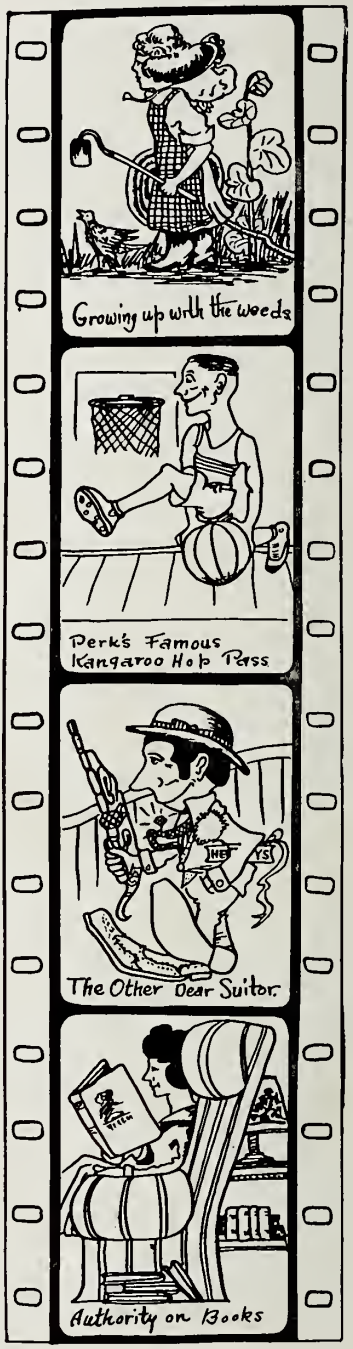
IONE V. McKEON

LUCILE E. MARKWITH

PAUL R. MARTIN

ROBERT MARTIN

DOROTHEA
MENDENHALL



LORENA MENDENHALL

CLARA C. MEYER

NEVA MICHAEL

MARY M. MILLER

EULITTA M. MOELLER

MARTHA E. MONG

ELVIN W. MURPHY

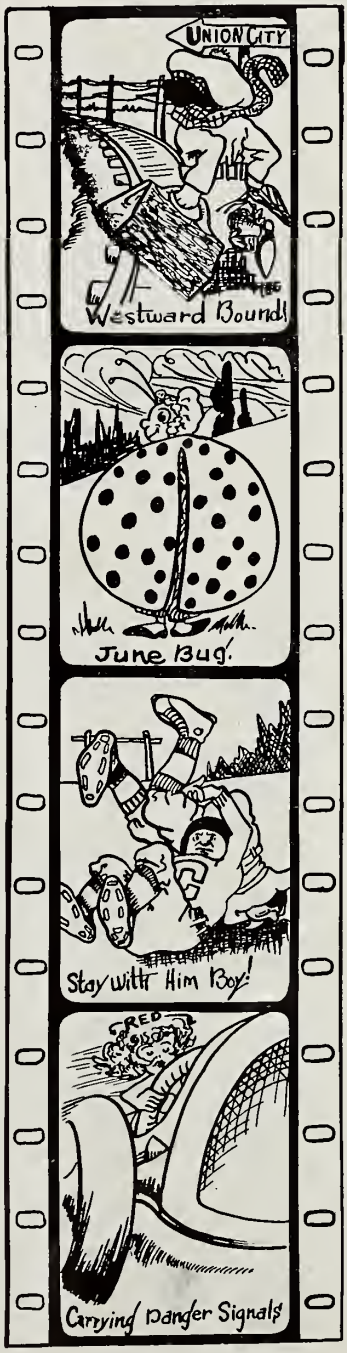
ERNEST NEVILLE

ETHEL E. OELSLAGER

VERA JUNE PEARCE

DAVID L. RECK

BEULAH REECE



JUANITA REDMAN

SARAH ROSS

HARVEY D. RUSH

RELAND SCHREEL

ADRIAN SMALL

EDWARD H. STEFFEN

GEORGE S. STEPHENS

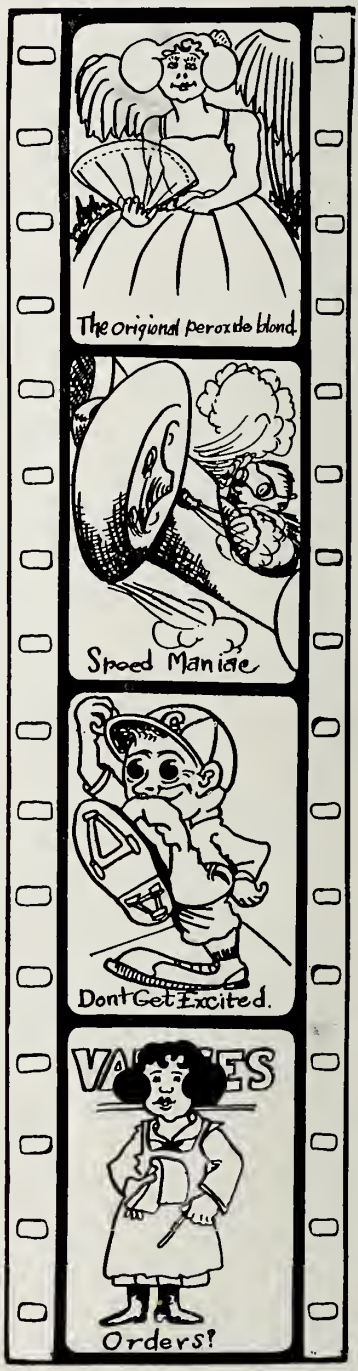
ROBERT STOLTZ

RUTH A. SWARTZ

ARNO G. TEAFORD

LAWRENCE H. TOWNSEND

FLORENCE VANCE



HAZEL M. WEAVER

LAYLIN E. WEAVER

MARYBESS WIEBUSCH

LLOYD WEISENBARGER

NORMA TAYLOR WILSON

FOREST O. WINTERS

MARK WINTERS

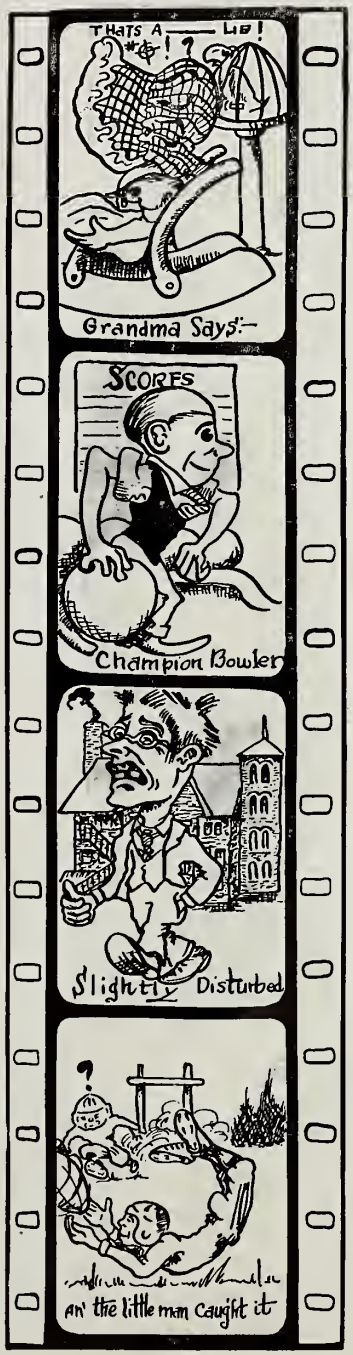
HELEN MARGARET YORK

THELMA I. YOUNG

EMERSON E. LIVINGSTON

BYRON E. LAMB

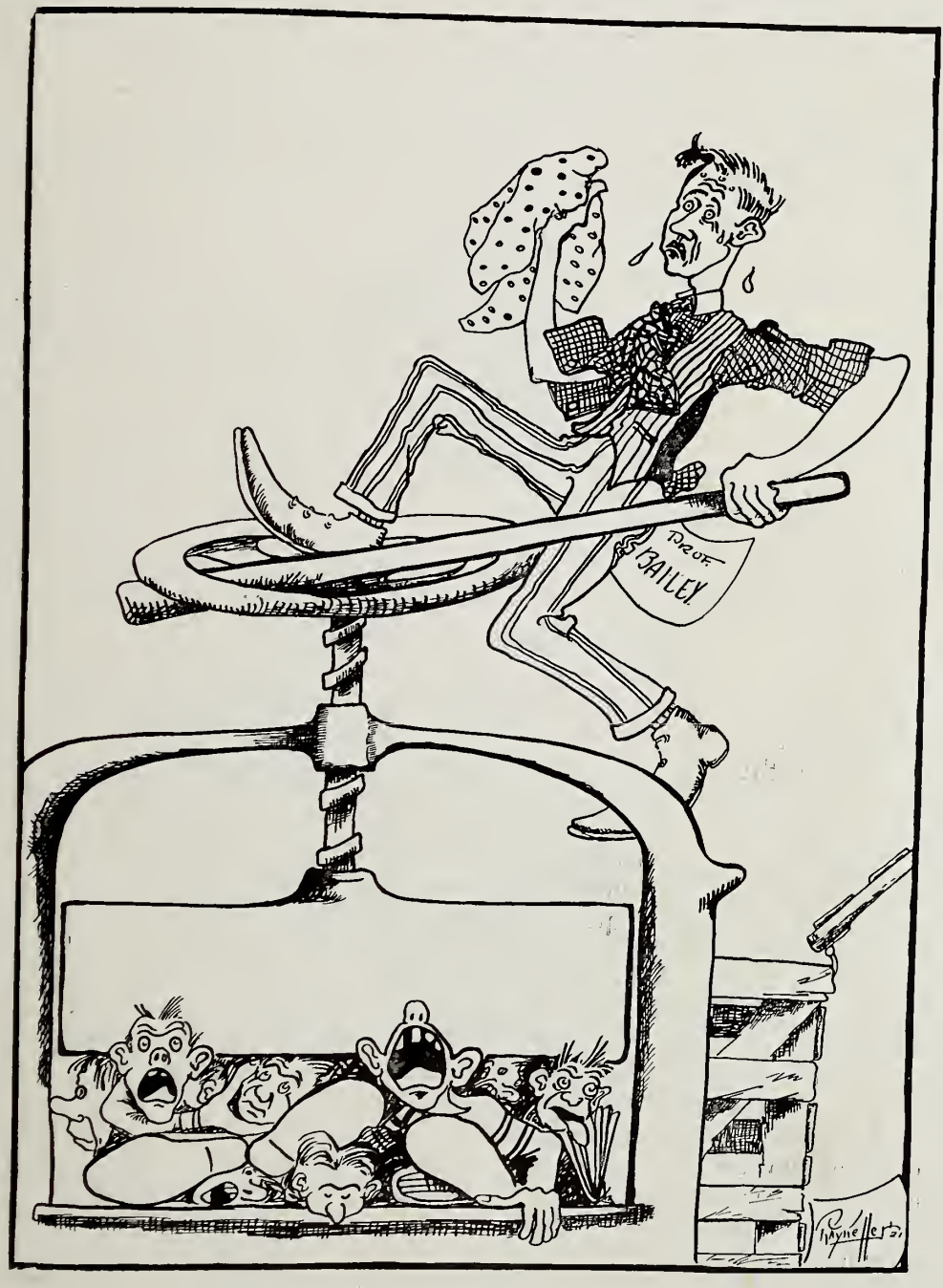
ROBERT KOLP

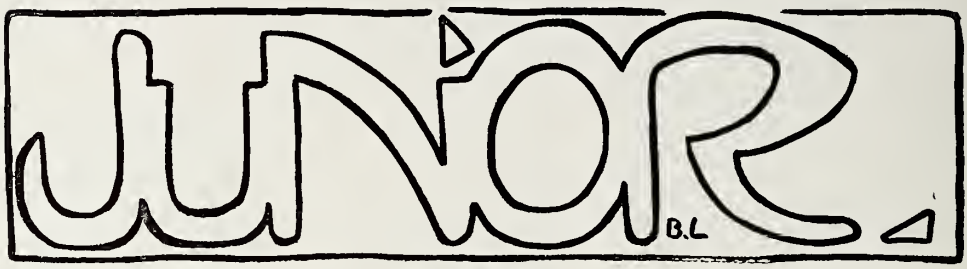


HARRY HAWORTH

FREEMAN D. WARNER

PAUL YOUNKER


Prof.
BAILEY



CLASS ORGANIZATION

Harry Beichler.....President	Myers Clark.....Vice-President
Pauline Holzapfel. .....Treasurer	Frances Kurz.....Secretary

Junior Class History

ONE bright September morning in 1918, a group of shy and timid boys and girls entered the portals of G. H. S., to take up the life work of High School students. In our first year I suppose we were no better than all other classes at that stage of High School students. During our first year we had to undergo some rough treatment at times, but we soon became accustomed to that. Our Freshman year, although at times lengthy, soon passed, but not before we had our quota of social gatherings. During this year our members branched out into various activities of the High School, some showed remarkable ability in athletics, some in art and others in music. There were a few who showed "symptoms" of becoming very good students. We have since developed some of the best Juniors that have everbeen "manufactured" in old G. H. S.

Our second year was very much like our first, except that those who had clung to their Freshmen traits, now dropped them and took up their work with a more serious point of view. Our "stars," who had been casting dim reflections through the clouded sky, now shone brightly. Our first social function was a bob sled party, after which we were entertained at the home of Vivian Davison; the second one was our class picnic, which was held at Overlook Park, at West Milton. Eight machine loads went to Overlook, where the day was spent in swimming and boating. It was a tired crowd that came home that night.

We are now Juniors, but hope to be Seniors soon. Our class functions for this year have been limited to a Hallow'een party, which was held at the home of Dorothy Drill; the greater part of the class was present on this occasion.

At present we are well represented in every branch of High School activities. In the class room we have some of the best students in the High School. Our musical ability is displayed in the High School Orchestra and in the Glee Clubs. The school athletic teams would be greatly damaged if the Junior boys were absent. We have, also, our representatives making rapid progress in the Art Department.

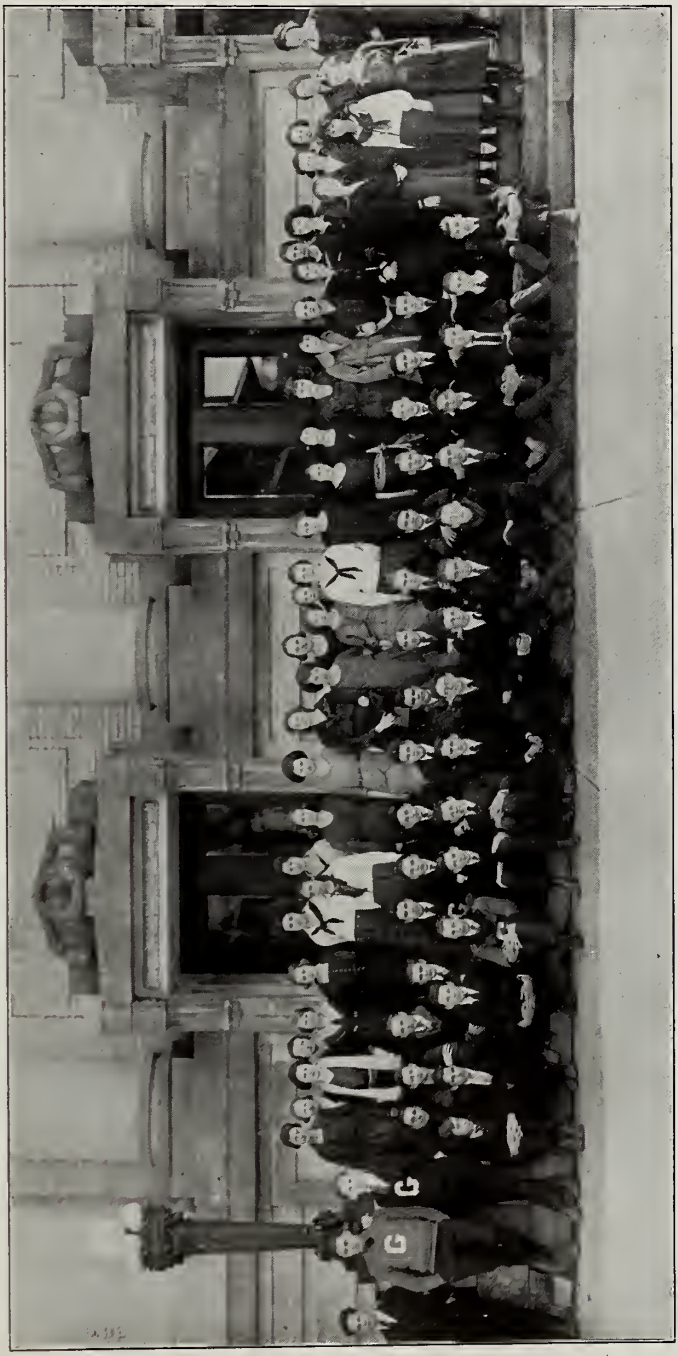
With this solid foundation, the Class of 1922 has complete confidence in itself that it will turn out one of the best graduation classes ever turned out by old G. H. S.

HARRY D. BEICHLER '22

CARNEGIE LIBRARY IN WINTER

Junior Class Roll

Arnett, Helen
Benien, Lola
Campbell, Goldia
Coon, Mildred
Davison, Vivian
Dohme, Catherine
Drill, Dorothy
Ebeling, Maud
Eyer Myra
Faught, Thelma
Faust, Aletha
Folkerth, Helen
Hapner, Mary
Holzapfel, Pauline
Jennings, Elizabeth
Kamons, Sylvia
Kamons, Bertha
Kirby, Abbie
Kuns, Ruth
Kurz, Frances
Lamb, Hazel
Maddox, Violet
Maher, Katherine
Mannix, Marjorie
Marker, Helen
Mathews, Wanda
Mills, Audrey
Riegel, Mae
Ruh, Mildred
Runkel, Gertrude
Schafer, Opal
Seighmunt, Ruby
Shultz, Eva
Shultz, Treva
Sneary, Iola
Stubbs, Elsie
Stump, Daisie
Troutman, Neva
Troutman, Lola
Ungericht, Helen
Urschel, Blanche
Vanata, Lucile
Warren, Bertha
Wilson, Marguerite
Wise, Belle
Beichler, Harry
Birt, Paul
Bowman, George
Briney, Damon
Clark, Meyers
Cole, Dale
Coppess, Robert
Dewyr, Robert
Earhart, Fred
Eidson, Francis
Fierstein, Clinnard
Folkerth, Harry
Fetzer, Nicholas
Halladay, Karl
Harris, Phillip
Harrison, Martin
Hughes, Thomas
Jenkinson, Robert
Karn, Robert
Klinger, Kenneth
Lammers, Howard
Landis, Birely
Lephart, Dale
Ludy, Walter
Mangan, Charles
McGreevey, Joe
Powell, Otto
Rebka, Glen
Rehmert, Chalmer
Roark, Hobart
Shiverdecker, Lohman
Sipple, Ralph
Smith, Ralph
Snorf, Eugene
Snyder, Carl
Wagner, Mark
Weisenbarger, Harold
Young, Searl
Youst, Paul
Shepherd, Omer
Teegarden, Wilken



JUNIOR CLASS PICTURE

CLASS ORGANIZATION

Wm. Snyder.....President	Gerald Peiffer.....Vice-President
John Rush.....Treasurer	Maurice Rhoades ... .Secretary

Sophomore Class

Last spring the Freshman Class ended its career with a glorious party at Glen Miller Park Richmond. We went over in machines and had a fine time. Swimming? You'd be surprised! At noon we had a wonderful picnic dinner, and of course, after that we had to visit the Zoological Garden---for Richmond has quite a menagerie.

This year we entered the halls of G. H. S., prophesying that we would make this year better than last. We chose for our class officers: William Snyder, President; Gerald Snyder, Vice-President; Maurice Rhoades, Secretary, and John Rush, Treasurer. This is William Snyder's second term of office, and we all agree that no better president could be found.

We have had but two parties this year, the first being a Hallow'een masquerade at the North School Building Everyone had a delightful time. The main feature of the party was given by two boys disguised as an elephant and a clown driver. Late in the evening refreshments of doughnuts, pie and apples were served. The second party was held at the Memorial Hall and was given in honor of Washington's Birthday. The 'Gym'' was gloriously decorated in flags and bunting. Suitable entertainment was provided and the party was pronounced a howling success. Red hatchets were cut in different shapes and then matched for partners in the games. Dainty refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

The Sophomore Class has a girl's basket ball team, although they have had no games with out of town teams, they have played a few inter-class teams. The girls are Mildred Haworth, captain; Corene Wilt, guard; Alice Strait, guard; Ruth B. Hahn, jumping center, and Lovena Turner, running center.

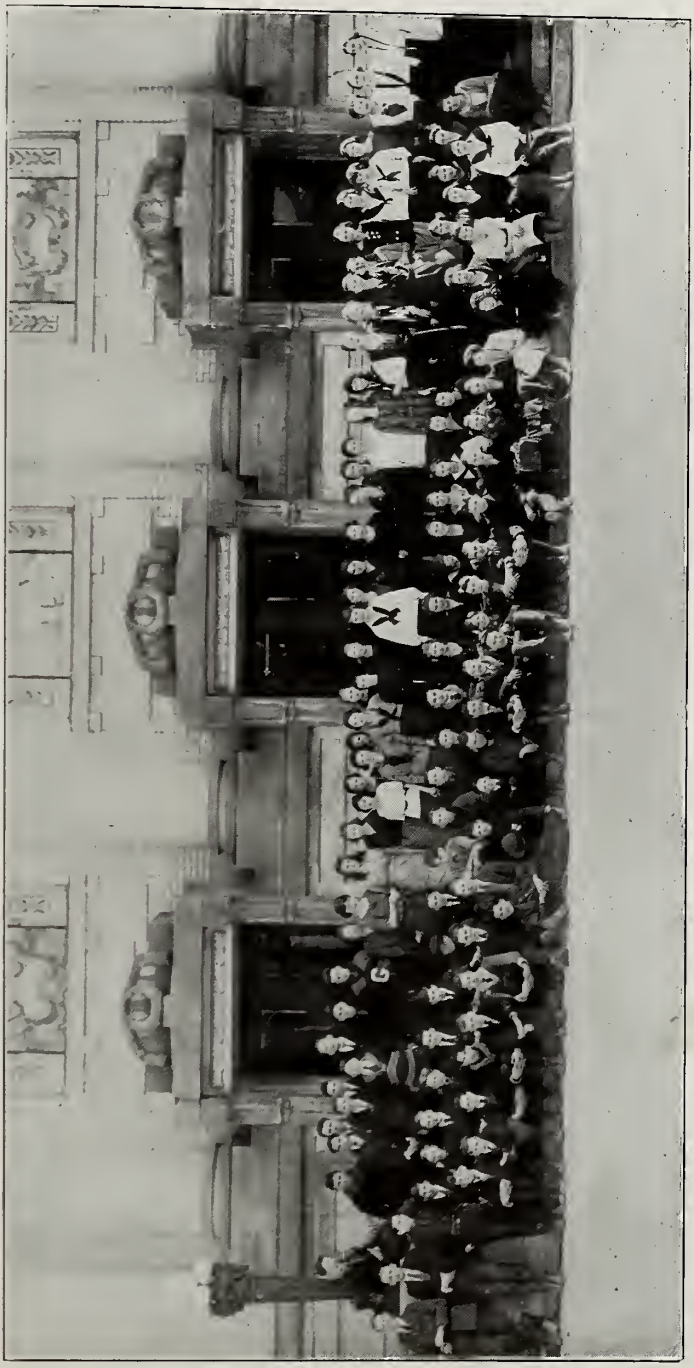
We are striving to make our Sophomore Class the best that has ever entered or left G. H. S. Next year we are all hoping to be Juniors, and then watch us.

RUTH RIEGEL '23

NONSENSE BURNER
Modeled in Clay by Seward Keck

Sophomore Class Roll

Bass, Flossie
Beanblossom, Verna
Bordman, Leona
Brown, Odella
Byrd, Annabelle
Crisler, Dorothy
Deeter, Leona
Dickey, Mary
Drill, Gladys
Eshleman, Velma
Hahn, Ruth B.
Hamilton, Lorene
Haworth, Mildred
Hawes, Hester
Hoke, Esther
Horlacker, Gladys
Hufford, Fern
Hughes, Ruby
Hupe, Susan
Hupman, Mildred
Keefauver, Margaret
Landis, Margaret
Lohman, Wilhelmina
Longfellow, Thelma
Ludy, Kathryn
Lyons, Blanche
McCabe, Mary
McKee, Lucille
Menke, Joanna
Menke, Kathryn
Meyer, Esther
Miller, Marie
Mills, Florence
Neibert, Minnie
Oda, Carrie
Oda, Fairy
Onkst, Esther
Pease, Marie
Peeden, Mildred
Peffly, Thelma
Puterbaugh, Bessie
Rank, Irene
Reiber, Gladys
Riegel, Ruth
Riffle, Vesta
Rowe, Emily
Ruh, Helen
Runner, Leslie
Sharkey, Winona
Snyder, Winifred
Steinmetz, Kathryn
Stonerock, Gladys
Strait, Alice
Teegarden, Viola
Turner, Lovena
Vanata, Irene
Warner, Ruth
Weimer, Treva
Weisenbarger, Martha
Wilt, Corene
Yount, Norma
Bailey, Byron
Beutler, Clarence
Black, Harry
Bolinger, Donavan
Booker, Galen
Brooks, Claude
Buchey, George
Calderwood, A. R.
Clark, Alfred
Clopp, Harley
Cole, Pierre
Conning, Herbert
Dangler, Sterling
Deleplane, Earl
Demorest, Kendric
Dickey, Ralph
Dunham, James
Ganger, Kenneth
Garrison, Paul
Gessler, Guy
Hartle, Byron
Hartle, Myron
Hathaway, Tillman
Henkaline, Stanley
Herman, Al
Hovatter, Rufus
Hufnagle, Paul
Hyer, Lowell
John, Dick
Keck, Seward
Kern, Harry
Lewis, Samuel
Lephart, Harold
Lynch, James
Lytle, Howard
Marker, Lester
Martin, Eugene L.
McEowen, John
McGreevey, Paul
Mendenhall, Roscoe
Mergler, Clarence
North, Leonard
O'Brien, Robert
Peiffer, Gerald
Pierce, Willliam
Petry, Clinton
Rhoades, Maurice
Rush, John
Schafer, Gerald
Snyder, William
Stentzel, Leroy
Stephens, Ora
Steffin, Walter
Taylor, Clarence
Teegarden, Herschel
Thomas, Charles
Trick, Samuel
Turner, Herbert
Wilson, Larimer
Wolf, John Thomas
Martin, Robert I.
Wogaman, Martin



SOPHOMORE CLASS PICTURE

DIPLOMA
Ray Keller '21

FRESHMAN

CLASS ORGANIZATION

Robert Culbertson .....President Myron Reck.....Vice-President
W. D. Brumbaugh .....Treasurer Howard Minnich .....Secretary

Freshman Class History

"Te whit-Te Whit-Te whee," cried the saucy bird up in the tree "Ah! me. Ah! me," said the green "Freshie" under the tree, I have to write the class history.

Well, let's see,—there were one hundred sixty three of us who entered G. H. S. in the fall of 1920, the largest class ever known in the history of the school.

It is not only large in number, but just as great in ability To prove this I'll tell you our class officers: Robert Culbertson, President; Myron Reck, Vice President; W. D. Brumbaugh, Secretary; and Howard Minnich, Treasurer.

We have one "shining light" in athletics, Myron Reck; however there may be some faint twinklings of other stars in the athletic field in the near future. In foot ball we are well represented by Bob Culbertson and John Winters and in basketball by Howard Minnich. The girls, not to be excelled in athletics by the boys, organized a basketball team under the splendid leadership of Miss Evans. At a meeting of the team Betty Kemble was unanimously chosen captain. So far, this group has succeeded in winning a few games played with upper classmen.

Our class is also well represented in the High School orchestra, various clubs and in other branches of school athletics.

The social activities to date have been limited to a Hallowe'en party at the Memorial Hall where we had a splendid time. A pie eating contest was one of the main features of the evening's entertainment; the prize champion "pie eater" was Eugene Knoll, alias "Smiles" We were chaperoned by Coach Drake, Miss Lair, and Mr. and Mrs. Warner. February 21st a George Washington Party was held at the North School Building where a very enjoyable time was had by all.

Our class colors are "peacock blue and gold" and the greatest hope of every loyal "Freshie" is the time when these same colors will float so proudly over G. H. S. in honor of the most wonderful class that ever graduated from the portals of Greenville High School.

M. Rosalie Dewyr, '24.

Freshman Class Roll

Albright, Lucile
Albright, Thelma
Archey, Alva
Bailey, Alvaretha
Beam, Mollie
Beanblossom, Garnet
Berkheimer, Emma Jane
Biddle, Onda
Brown, Margaret
Brown, Pauline
Clark, Emily
Clark, Ilah
Clopp, Daisy
Cochran, May
Condon, Opal
Conning, Mayno
Dewyr, Rosalie
Drill, Edna
DuBois, Edna
Earhart, Velda
Enos, Dorothy
Flood, Ruth
Foltz, Evaline
Galbreath, Velma
Halladay, Ruth
Hartle, Edna
Hayes, Garnet
Huber, Marie
Hufnagle, Evalyn
Judy, Ellen
Katzenberger, Grace
Kemble, Betty
Kern, Faye
Kerst, Mary
Kuns, Etie
Kurz, Wilhelmina
Lephart, Echo
Lephart, Pearl
Light, Madge
Livingston, Mary
Longenecker, Marvel
Lott, Mary
Lytle, Audrey
McCool, Lenore
McFarland, Helen
McGarvey, Rita
Miller, Esther
Neff, Ruth
Norris, Mildred
Oliver, Minerva
Pence, Blanche
Reigle, Vera
Renz, Clara
Riggs, Gladys
Rismiller, Freda
Ruh, Marjorie
Ryan, Elsie
Schreel, Generose
Seman, Mina
Shepherd, Treva
Shiveley, Georgiana
Shiverdecker, May
Snyder, Louise
Southron, Bessie
Sparkling, Elenore
Stocker, Bessie
Stoltz, Velma
Teaford, Thelma
Voke, Mabel
Ward, Anna Marie
Wayman, Margaret
Weaver, Zelda
Weis, Dolores
Young, Ethel
Younker, Dorothy
Zell, Yula
Westfall, Marvel
Anderson, Von
Bannister, Grant
Barnett, Harold
Beanblossom, Robert
Beanblossom, Roscoe
Billingsley, Richard
Bidwell, Roy
Brand, Oscar
Brown, Edwin
Brumbaugh, W. D.
Clark, Frank
Cole, Harvey
Cole, Norman
Cox, Luther
Crawford, Herbert
Culbertson, Robert
Deeter, Ivan
Dininger, Donald
Folkerth, Edward
Graf, Richard
Grossman, Karl
Halley, Paul
Haney, Harold
Hoffman, Robert
Jeffries, Milton
Jenkins, Lawrence
Jones, Rollin D.
Kamons, Theodore
Kern, Raymond
Kirby, Arthur
Knoll, Eugene
Landers, Karl
Lenich, William
Lephart, Chester
Marshall, Elvyn
Martin, Eugene
Mason, Elmer
Mathews, Donald
McKeon, Noel
Miller, Glendon
Minnich, Howard
Morton, Webster
Nealeigh, Benjamin
Neville, Glen
O'Brien, Francis
Patty, William
Pearce, Myron
Plessinger, Lloyd
Ramsey, Carrie
Ratchford, Raymond
Reck, Myron
Rogers, Tom
Russ, Glen
Rush, William
Schafer, J. C.
Sellman, Wilbur
Shields, Roy
Stocker, Karl
Stocker, Earl M.
Straker, Joseph
Strobel, Elmer
Strohaver, Robert
Thomas, Jonas
Townsend, Ira
Ungericht, James
Wade, Elmer
Wenger, Gus
Weybright, Edward
White, George
Weibusch, Ralph
Wills, William
Wilson, Damon
Winters, John
Winters, Lynn
Witters Dan
York, Lester
Young, Lester
Zechar, Herbert

FRESHMAN CLASS PICTURE

ORGANIZATIONS

LANDIS

Sociedad Castellana

LA SOCIEDAD CASTELLANA FUE organizada in 1916 por Senorita Trout. El nombre Sociedad Castellana fue derivado del nombre dela aristocracia de Espana. La sociedad se reuneun martes si otro no.

Pues que el annual se publica tan temprano y las actividade de la sociedad ya no han empezado, poco se puede decir acerca de ellas. Esperamos tener muchos "hikes" a "weiner roasts" antes de que termine el ano escolar.

The Club organized rather late in the year, concerning its meeting you are now going to hear.

Ray Keller was chosen as president,
To Lohman our dues for the year we would pay
While Kurz was selected to write about events
That their service was faithful we have evidence
The Club now can boast of an orchestra fine
Our progams no doubt will appear at sometime
The social activities have not yet begun,
But nevertheless we expect to have fun,
Before the year ends we leave one and all,
When summer has come and we hear pleasure's call.

MARYBESS WIEBUSCH '21
CATHARINE KATZENBERGER '21

High School Orchestra.

"The orchestra is only an instrument for conveying music from one spirit to other spirits The orchestra no more makes the music which it conveys than the telegraph wire makes the message which it conveys. The composer creates in himself the symphony and the orchestra translates it from the notes on a sheet of paper to the soul of the hearer." LYMAN ABBOTT.

There are orchestras celestial and orchestras terrestrial, but the Greenville High School Orchestra is in a class of its own It was organized the first week of school, and met for practice on Tuesdays and Thursdays, during the fifth period. Under the efficient direction of Miss Kelz, a very interesting and profitable year's work has come to a close.

CATHARINE KATZENBERGER, '21

PIANIST

Laurene Hamilton

FIRST VIOLIN

Winona Sharkey
Katherine Steinmetz
Martha Weisenbarger
Robert Hoffman
Herbert Zechar

SECOND VIOLIN

Wilhelmina Kurz
Madge Light
Mary Livingston
Richard Billingsley

CELLO

Mary McCabe

FLUTE

Generose Schreel

CORNET

Harold Weisenbarger
Myron Pearce
Kenneth Ganger
Howard Minnich

CLARINET

W. D. Brumbaugh
Samuel Trick
Ernest Hughes
Jonas Thomas

SAXOPHONE

Gus Wenger

DRUMS

William Jobes

SENIOR ORCHESTRA

This year in the High School there was a demand for a smaller orchestra to play for the public and High School affairs. Under Miss Kelz' supervision, this new orchestra was organized and is now composed of Myron Kemble, Dorothy Coppock and Martha Weisenbarger, violinists; Pauline Brown, piano; Catharine Katzenberger, clarinet; Forest Winters, cornet; Bob Ganger, trombone, and Bill Jobes, drums. This is the first time in the history of the G. H. S. that there have been two separate High School orchestras, but, because of the increasing number of students taking orchestra work, it was necessary to have a smaller orchestra. BOB GANGER '21.

MELTING POT

Girls' Clee Club

The Girls' Glee Club was started under the supervision of Miss Roberts who directed the Glee Club until 1919. Miss Crimm then accepted the leadership until 1920. The Glee Club prospered during the years 1920 and 1921 under the splendid management of Miss Kelz.

This year we organized on October 8th, electing Lois Booker, President; Catharine Katzenberger, Secretary; Marybess Wiebusch, Treasurer, and Margaret Landis, Librarian. The Club is composed of thirty members and we meet as a class every Friday afternoon. As we have not had Glee Club pins for several years we decided to have them this year, choosing the design of a lyre.

We have not as yet appeared before an audience, but will do so a number of times before the year is over. We are now looking forward to a party when we are invited to be the guests of Miss Kelz at her home on Washington Avenue. The Glee Club is planning to have many more social events before the year is over.

LOIS BOOKER '21

SOPRANO I

Lois Booker Aletha Faust Ruth Hahn Laurene Hamilton Doris Kerlin
Margaret Landis Alice Strait Ruth Swartz Lovena Turner
Ruth Warner Treva Weimer Corene Wilt

SOPRANO II

Lucille Albright Mary Calderwood Helen Folkerth Bertha Kamons
Catharine Katzenberger Margaret Keefauver Kathryn Steinmetz
Winifred Snyder Martha Weisenbarger Norma Wilson

ALTO

Margaret Cooke Kathryn Ludy Mary McCabe Miss Kelz, Instructor
Elsie Ryan Winona Sharkey Marybess Wiebusch
Helen York, Pianist

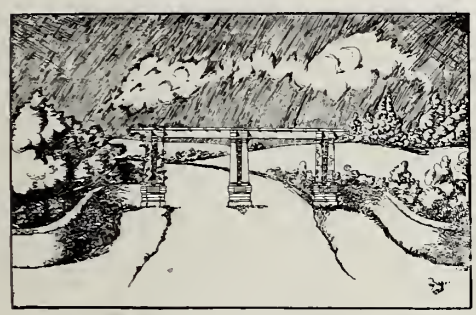
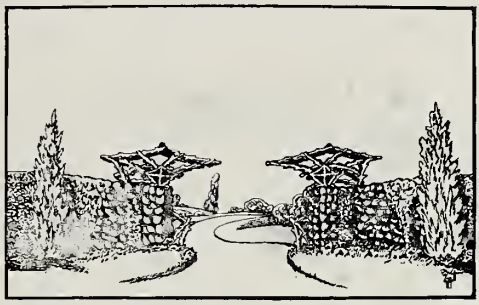
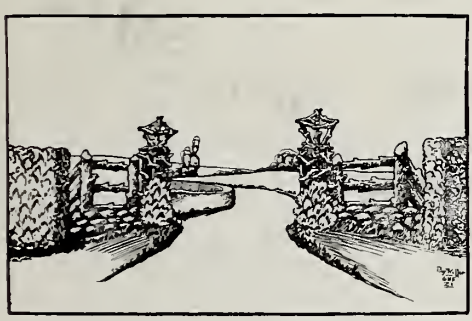
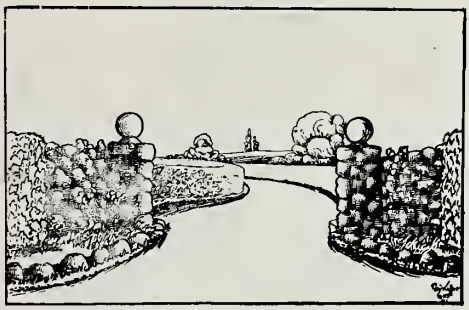
The Varsity "G" Association

LAST year at G. H. S., G's were awarded to all those who had participated in the required number of athletic games. At the close of the season, a banquet was given to all men who had won their G's and to the candidates for the team. It had, originally, been the plan to give a banquet at the end of the football, basket ball, and baseball season, but unavoidable circumstances arose which prevented any further banquets.

This year it was decided to have a banquet sometime during the school year and only those who had made their G's were to be invited. But, Mr. Drake, our new coach who has already changed many conventional athletic forms, about G. H. S., suggested that it would be better to form a G. Association. The purpose of this organization was for the improvement of athletics and sportsmanship. Mr. Drake's suggestion was immediately carried out. The first meeting was held January 18, 1921, and a committee composed of Stoltz, Reck and Jackson were appointed to draw up the constitution which was submitted and adopted at the next regular meeting. At this meeting the following officers were elected: Robert Stoltz, President; David Reck, Vice President; Earl Jackson, Secretary; and Gerald Peiffer, Treasurer.

The organization has sixteen charter members. Membership is restricted to those who have been awarded G's by the Athletic Association. Those graduating will remain honorary members, and will be permitted to take part only in the social activities.

BILL JOBES.

SKETCHES SUBMITTED BY RAY KELLER

December, 15th, 1920,

Mr. Minor McCool,
Greenville, Ohio.
Dear Sir:

If you consider that the thing would be proper, the Trustees of the Greenville Country Club would like to offer through you to the members of the Art Class a prize of $5.00 for the best suggestion or drawing of an appropriate entrance to the Country Club grounds.

For the information of contestants wish to state that the character of the fence on either side of the gate-way will be hedge, that the Club House itself which will be located back about a quarter of a mile from the road will be of colonial type and that foot- bridges, pergolas, arbors, etc. throughout the grounds will be of the rustic type. The entrance should be suitable for Country Club purposes and the arch idea is not desired. The ideas submitted should not contemplate much cost. The entrance way will be somewhat recessed from the line of road fence.

It is of course understood that our Board of Trustees would be the judge of the winner of the contest.

Should you deem it advisable to submit this proposition to your art students, we will be very glad for their co-operation.

Yours truly,

GUY C. BAKER, President,
Greenville Country Club.

VENETIAN WINDOWS ABOVE FOYER—ST. CLAIR MEMORIAL HALL

LITERARY D.L

Ye Old Treasure Chest.

Richard Harte, known to his boy friends as Dick, was fond of collecting old books and manuscripts; in fact, this was a hobby of his. One day he happened to pass a small and seemingly insignificant bookshop in one of the lesser streets of New York. He immediately went inside, for he had unearthed many very old and valuable treasures in such places.

The shopkeeper asked, "Is there something for you, sir?"

"Have you any old books?" replied Dick.

"Certainly, sir," rejoined the shopkeeper, bowing politely, "Just come to the back." Dick went and started looking through a stack of old books.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "Here is an old copy of 'Beowulf.' It's just what I have been searching for. I must buy it!" He then purchased the volume and left the shop.

When he arrived at his home, he looked for signatures of former owners, but could ascertain none. He saw some spots where erasures had been made, and he surmised that the signatures had been in those places. In one place he saw the numbers 1672, and he surmised they were the date of printing. "This certainly is old!" he exclaimed, and then settled down to read. He had read about fifty pages when he discovered a letter, apparently yellwoed with age.

"I wonder what's in it?" he pondered, turning it over. "Ah! here it says, 'Ye Who Finds This, Open.' Well, I believe I'll do it. Whew! some letter. Now I'll read it. Here goes."

This is what he read: "To Ye Who Finds This:—I, one of ye first settlers of ye Dutch colony of New Amsterdam, have buried my silver, and all moneys belonging to me, on ye island which lies off ye coast. This island is called Long Island. Ye map is in ye missive, also. I buried ye articles in fear of ye Indians.

John Hood."

"Now for the map?" exclaimed Dick. "Oh! here it is. I can see exactly where the treasure is buried. I know where those trees and that rock are. Gosh! this is great. I believe I'll call George and have him come over, so that we can make arrangements to go after that treasure tomorrow." He picked up the telephone

and called George Edwards, his chum, and asked him to come over saying he had something very important to tell him. Then he placed the telephone on the table and said, "Well, he's coming. I believe I'll look at this map again," and he picked up the map and studied it intently for a few minutes. "There's the doorbell, I'll go see if it is he." He opened the door and George was outside.

"Hello, Dick, what's wrong?" asked George.

"Hurry in, and you'll find out," answered Dick, pushing him into the house.

"What's the rush?" asked George.

"Wait until you see what I have to show you, and you'll know what it is," shouted Dick, jubilantly. "Read this letter and look at this map," and he handed them to George.

It took George only a short time to read the letter, and he then looked at the map. Then he looked up and said, "Say, this is luck. Let's go over there tomorrow. I know where all those marks are."

"I can go, and I know where all those marks are myself. We'll need a pick and shovel, though," answered Dick.

"I'll furnish a pick, and you bring a shovel. I'll be over at seven o'clock in the morning. Good-bye."

"I'll be ready, Good-bye," rejoined Dick.

The next morning, George, with a pick over his shoulder, arrived at Dick's home at the appointed time, and Dick, who was carrying a shovel, met him at the gate. When they arrived at Long Island, they went immediately to the spot where the hunt must begin.

"Well, here we are at the starting point," said Dick, pulling the map from his pocket. "Find how many paces it is to that tree."

George paced that distance, and then shouted, "Twenty-five."

"That's point number two," exclaimed Dick, excitedly. "Now fifty paces directly east."

George walked that distance, and then exclaimed, "Here's the rock that it gives on the map."

"Now turn almost toward the south-west and face that large maple," ordered Dick. "Now walk twenty-five paces toward it, and then stop and mark the spot. I'll bring the tools."

He brought the pick and the shovel, and they started excitedly to work. They had been digging frantically for about half an hour, and had made an excavation about three feet in depth, when George breathlessly exclaimed, "I struck something with the pick, Dick."

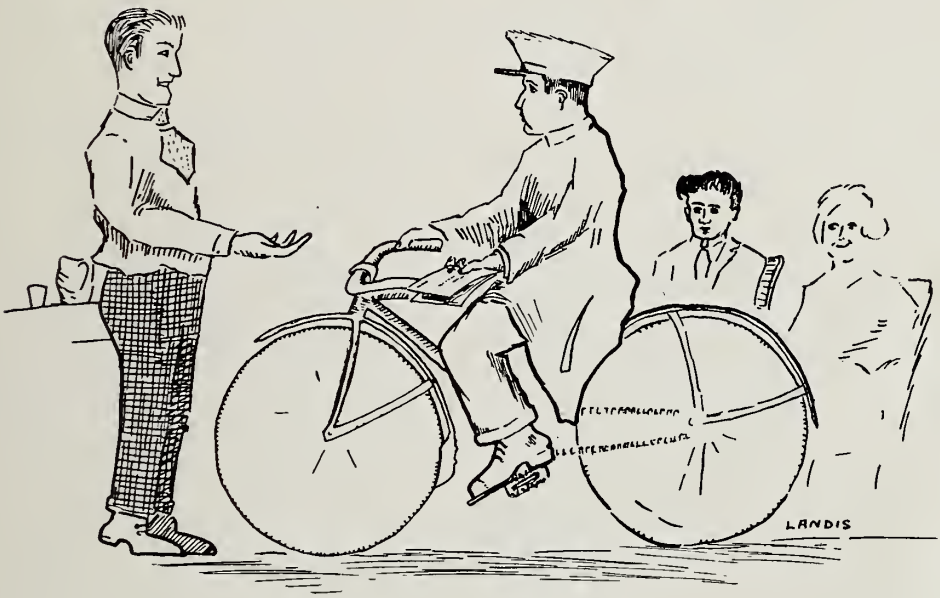
"Go slowly then," replied Dick, and they worked more carefully around the edges. In about ten minutes more, they had unearthed a rather large chest covered with rusty metal. It was rather heavy, but they managed to get it out of the excavation. They both examined it carefully, and then Dick said, "The lock's rusty, so it will be easy to open it."

"Gosh!" exploded George, "It doesn't seem possible that we have discovered a buried treasure. Come on, let's open it."

They soon broke the lock, and raised the lid to gaze at the treasure within.

"Bricks!" they both gasped, and then collapsed.

ROSCOE MENDENHALL, '23.



FAT HELMAN ON BOOSTER DAY

The Poet

He sat and sighed and thought and thought
Then looked toward his ink,
He looked around and downward glanced,
But still he could not think.

He could not think of what to write
He thought it was too bad:
And then a certain brilliant thought,
Descended on this lad.

He dipped his pen into his ink
And marked upon his paper,
And then got up and walked around,
Then went back to his labor.

He grabbed a pencil and his pad
And then he made a note,
He took his pen, began to write,
And this is what he wrote.

"I could not write a poem today,
I know there's no use trying,
I could not write a poem, I say,
If I were dead, or dying."

ELSIE STUBBS '22.

The Last Will and Testament of a Senior

In the Name of God, Amen

I, a Senior, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make and publish this day my last will and testament in order, as justly as I may, to distribute among succeeding men, my interests in the world.

And first, that part of my interest which is known in the assembly and recognized in dust-covered volumes of the book-case as my property, being in considerable and of none account, I make no account of it in this, my will.

My right to live, it being a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things expected, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath:—

Item I. I leave to the Freshman exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood, the dandelions of the fields and the daisy thereof, with a right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against thistles. And I devise to the children, the yellow shores of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, with the dragon flies that skim the surface of said waters and the odors of the willows that dip into said waters and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. I also bequeath to them the sticks and branches that fall from said giant trees that they may play horse with them.

Item II. And I leave to the Sophomores the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night with the train of the milky way to wonder at, with all these privileges, subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter granted to Juniors. And I give to each Sophomore the right to choose a star that shall be his, and I direct that the Sophomore shall always remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

Item III. I devise to boys jointly all the useful, idle fields and commons where one may play ball and all the snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all the streams and the ponds where one may skate, and all the meadows with their clover blossoms and their butterflies, and all the woods with their squirrels and birds, and all echoes and strange noises, and all the distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures therein found, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. I do give to said boys each his own place at home at night with all pictures that he may see by gazing down the register into the burning wood or coal in the furnace; these I do give him without hindrance and without any incumbrance of cares.

Item IV. To the Juniors, I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the red, red roses by the wall, the big yellow moon in the sky, together with the sweet strumming of a ukelele and the sweet chug-chug of a Ford as the case may be, or

aught else they may desire to adequately express to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item V. And I reserve for the Seniors, who are no longer Freshmen, Sophomores, or Juniors, the volumes of Burns and of Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there are others and to the same I leave precious memories of the good times they have had, including the bob-sled party of 1920 and the Hallowe'en party of 1919, together with the rare, rare knowledge they have acquired during their four years in this exceptional high school.

(Signed) Lois Booker, '21.

Witnesses: Judge Culbertson,
Hon. Robt. E. Ganger Squire Weisenbarger.

Revenge is Sweet

It was Monday evening. There were strange qoings in the old Oak Grove barn. There were no oaks. A meeting was being held by the Chickasaw Indian Club. There were no Indians. This club consisted of five members, all small boys between ten and eleven years of age. They had met to consider a plan for revenge for an indignity heaped on their heads. At last they agreed upon a plan, and five dark shadows stealthily approached the school house, entered by the back door, and upon each seat placed a bent pin.

This was a strange school. Usually the pupils formed a line, marched in, and stood by their desks. The teacher would count "One, two, three." At one, they faced the rising sun, or where it is supposed to rise. At two they sat down, and at three they faced around.

Tuesday morning dawned bright and cheerful. Every one came early to play games. No one entered the school building. At last the time came for school to take up. The bell rang, and every one got in line. In they came and each stood by his seat.

"One"—They faced the rising sun.

"Two"—Whow!—Every one arose.

BOOSTER DAY

MODELED IN CLAY BY RAY KELLER

SENIOR.

I HAVING acquired the age of an old maid and having accumulated a modest fortune, decided in the year 1940 to go on a sight seeing trip through the states, and to visit some old friends; consequently I started for the South by train.

At first, I contented myself by looking out of the windows and watching the country and the telegraph poles whizz by. When we stopped at a little country town, I was amused to see a fat, old, bearded farmer stop his mule and hurriedly jump out and shoulder a trunk from the one horse wagon and carry it to the train. Following him came a rather slim, dark haired man. The plump one gave the trunk to the express agent, then turned and clasped the other's hand warmly and said in a fuerulous voice, "I wish I was a goin' with you. Be sure and take care of yourself; don't fall in the ocean."

I felt that the scene was too personal for me to watch and turned my head just in time to see a tall, fashionably dressed lady seat herself by my side.

"Sad, isn't it?" she murmured, nodding toward the two men, outside on the platform, "The slim one is going to Europe to teach his new ideas in caricature. The other runs some kind of stock farm, a mule ranch I think." When she had delivered herself of this speech, she rubbed her eyes affectedly with a lacey, perfumed handkerchief, blew her nose and then violently powdered it.

"Do you mean James and Ray Keller?" I stammered.

She dropped her vanity case in surprise and said, "Yes, why how do you know them?"

I made a face at her and she immediately recognized me. "Now Lois Lohman," I said. What is your occupation? You look very prosperous."

"Ah" said Lois, "I still live in Greenville. Shortly after grad-

uation I established a beauty shop exclusively for the high school pupils and now have a rushing business. I am just now taking my first vacation since 1921. I am going to Washington to see Doris Kerlin, who is now a member of Congress."

I was saved from expressing my surprise by the entrance of the conductor. As he took our tickets he spoke cooly to Lois, then passed on.

"That," said Lois coldly, "is Paul Martin. He scarcely recognizes me any more because he thinks it is a disgrace to teach young girls to paint, powder and primp."

Our discourse was again interrupted by the entrance of a man selling newspapers and magazines. We both purchased one, and I was about to devote my time to my magazine, when something about the agent attracted me as familiar, causing me to exclaim, "Isn't that Laylin Weaver?" Sure enough it was, but, remembering his bashfulness, we did not stop him on his return trip and he did not recognize us.

The cover of my magazine was very attractive, but what caught my attention was the announcement in large type at the bottom of the page. "Relation of the Soul to the Body," by Catharine Katzenbarger. Coming in the fall issue. Don't miss it."

When I spoke to Lois about it, she said, "Oh yes, she is considered a great writer, so deep you know, but here is a match for it." She then read from her newspaper, "Harry Culbertson, a young and fiery orator has set sail for Africa, where he aims to teach the inhabitants the virtues of the mind and repentance." Lois and I agreed that Harry got his inspiration from "Macbeth."

"But tell me," interposed Lois, "What ever became of Vera Hufford and Dassie Eaton?"

Ah, I could easily answer those questions, "For a short while Vera was a private tutor for a rich man's children, making a specialty of teaching Latin. Teaching soon lost its charm for her, however and she accepted a position as a chorus girl in "The Follies."

"A few years after graduation, Dassie married that country fellow—I can't think of his name just now, and they live on a small farm and grow vegetables for market. They sometimes peddled them thru the country, and when they did, Dassie took charge of the pocket book."

"You remember Bessie Huffman, don't you? Well, she became an expert book-keeper and was one of the first women to set up a book-keeping and accounting system. She has a system which she said was more simple than our old school system of "Rowe's." Just at that time the conductor called the name of my station and I had to say goodbye.

A whiskered cabman immediately hailed me and promised to take me to the best hotel in town. When we reached the hotel, he said shortly, "Two dollars."

I looked at him and then said, "Excuse me, but aren't you Bus Livingston?"

He confusedly stammered that he was. He told me that David Reck owned most of the cab service and that he was also mayor of the town.

After a while, I asked him what I owed him and he absent mindedly said, "Fifty cents, please."

As I entered the hotel, I instantly noticed the clerk at the desk. As I started to register, I innocently said, "This puts one in mind of old times, doesn't? Junior rhetoricals, I mean." Of course, I had recognized him as Fat Helman.

He told me that he and his wife, Esther Bolich, own and run the hotel. He expounded so on the virtues of the "none such other," as he called the hotel. tnat I thought I should never escape.

That evening, on my way to dinner, a very showily dressed young lady called me by name. I was astonished to recognize her as Esther Bowman. She was owner of a group of moving picture shows and was just going her rounds visiting them. She immediately suggested that I go to the show with her, assuring me that I was in for a treat. I was rather surprised at her taking me to a religious show, but soon learned the reason when the familiar face of Esther Hughes appeared on the screen in the roll of "The Angel of the Slums." Miss Bowman explained to me that Esther had decided she could do as much good in life in that way, as by marrying or by being a missionary.

The film was very touching, causing a flashily dressed woman by my side to sob in sympathy with the characters. I turned to her and instantly recognized her as Mildred French. She told me in secret that she was planning to run for the presidency on the Socialist ticket.

Esther Bowman told me that "Tubby' Swartz, the famous soprano, had condescended to sing for them the night before as a special feature.

I was yet to have another surprise, for we went from the show to a fine restaurant, where, for a special attraction, they had a clever contortionist and clown. We immediately recognized him as Elvin Murphy.

During a sudden lull in the laughter, I heard a voice say in a shrill whisper, "That was Elvin Murphy, wasn't it?" On looking around I saw at an opposite table Thelma Young, Mary Miller, Gilbert Lease and Bob Martin. Mary and Thelma told us that they were running a millinery store and often posed for the exhibition of their hats. Bob and Gilbert were running a grocery, Gilbert furnishing the fresh vegetables and Bob managing the store. They said they often came to the city on business.

I remained in this town a few days looking up historical sights. When passing the public square one day, I was attracted by a man's

hoarse cries. People were surrounding him on all sides. Forgetting that curiosity once killed a cat, I drew near. One large man and a small one stood upon the curb. A fat woman, who wore a large stripped skirt, a pink waist, and a pancake hat, confided to me in a loud whisper that it was all a fake. She used to go to school with both of the boys and knew them. The large man, Mark Winters, was selling a snore preventer, in the form of pills. He announced that if any one in the audience had used them, he wished him to step forward. Bob Kolp came forward and testified that since he had begun taking the pills, his wife was usually in a good humor and said that she could rest in peace at night. As the woman by my side kept muttering, "It's a fake; it's a fake." I scrutinized her more closely and recognized her as Lorena Mendenhall. She told me that she had given her husband, Freeman Warner, some of the snore preventative, but that he still snored as loudly as ever, and in consequence she was getting poorer every day, for he did nothing but sit around and snore while she took in washings.

I asked about Dorothea and learned that she and Sarah Ross had an art studio in Chicago. Dorothea painted portraits while Sarah posed for artists as a model.

A few days later, I boarded a train for Tampa, Florida. While on my way, I read a startling account in a Greenville, paper of how Adah Fox and Adrian Small had sued Paul Younker for breach of promise. Both girls had taken advantage of leap year and had proposed to Paul. He had been too courteous to refuse either one, but had planned for both to meet him at the court house at the same place and time. Each girl was surprised to see the other. They had a friendly chat until they grew confidential and told why they were there. Then they had a hair pulling scene but were finally separated and placed in jail by Sheriff Harry Haworth. They were finally released however, because of the pleadings of the sheriff's wife, nee June Tillie Vera Pearce.

While in Florida, I visited Ione McKeon and her husband. They owned a large orange grove. One day while out walking, I noticed a man leaning against a tree and smoking a pipe. He did not hear me coming and aroused with a snort when I called him by name. He told me the South had been the ruination of him. He said that he had grown very lazy. He had become prosperous through having married a southern widow who owned a house and a couple of orange groves. He pointed out one of his workers to me and asked me if I recognized him. Just then the worker's basket of oranges slipped, causing him to swear fluently in Spanish. Yes, it was Byron Lamb. Forest had hired him as a detective to discover which of the workers were stealing from him.

When I left Florida, I started across the Gulf of Mexico on a ship. I was very much surprised to learn that Ralph Erisman was the captain, I heard him lauded as one of the most worthy sea cap-

tains. The first night on board, I was lured out on deck by the sound of an orchestra. I was shocked to see who the leader was, but when I recalled how at school Bob Ganger was very musical, my surprise abated. Bill Jobes was in the orchestra with his drum, and he also played all the little "extras." Lois Booker and Josephine Jones were hired soloists and so charmed me with their interpretative singing that I forgot to get seasick. We had been on the water a good many days when the boat began to leak and we were compelled to take to the life boats. When we left the orchestra was playing "Nearer My God to Thee" to a ragtime tune. I later heard that all were saved. We drifted about a while and then were taken aboard by the ship "Reland," named after our celebrated dress designer, Reland Schreel, who was then in Paris with her assistant and model, Martha Mong, creating a demand for American styles. The ship was owned by Reland's husband, Paul Youst.

On the ship, I shared a room with an old classmate, Cleo Benien. She had spent a couple of years in China and was giving lectures on the great opportunities China affords for missionaries. She said that Opal Fox, who was running a two hundred acre farm had almost decided to be a missionary. She thought it too bad that our own American women were corrupting society. Dorothy Coppock for instance, had been married and divorced three times. Her last husband was Carl Fox, whom she divorced on the grounds of non-support. However Carl was undaunted, and a few days later an announcement of the marriage of Miss Margaret Cooke to Carl Fox appeared in the society column.

Later we landed at Galveston, Texas. I learned that Mary Calderwood had married a rancher and lived near. When I reached the ranch, a woman at the house told me that E. J. Colville lived there and that his wife's former name was Mary Calderwood. It made me rather giddy, for I remembered how Mary and E. J. had never wasted any love on each other at school. The young woman eyed me sharply and suddenly asked me if I remembered Eleanor Johannes. She had come west with Mary preparatory to founding a school on manners for young girls. I visited for some time with Mary and Eleanor. They told me that Helen Johannes was the community nurse of that district. Eleanor broke the news that Edward Steffen had founded an old bachelors' society in New York and that Earnest Hughes, one of New York's greatest lawyers, Bob Stoltz, a retired football veteran, and Forest Winters, an eloquent political speaker, were a few of the tried and true members.

From Texas I went to California by aeroplane. I was not surprised to learn that Harvey Rush was the aviator. He had a thrilling story to tell of his trip to Mars. He had made his own machine and, to tell the truth, it was not as bad as it looked.

In California I visited my old friends, Mary Boyer and Mary Buchanan. Mary Boyer made a fortune by selling to a local mov-

ing picture show firm, her secret, of how she grew long eyelashes. Belgium Rose was living with her and was trying to perfect her experiment on a certain fluid which she firmly believed would serve not only as a beautifier but as a veritable fountain of youth I, with the rest of the world, am waiting breathlessly for its perfection. I told Mary that I was shocked to learn that she had not married, and she said very absent mindedly, "Marriage! What's that?"

Mary Boyer took me in her private aeroplane to Colorado. While there, I saw a slim, red haired woman running a sight seeing bus. I later learned that she was Clara Meyers, who had accumulated a fortune and was then thinking of retiring or perhaps of working as a mechanic. Clara told me that Ethel Oelslager was a teacher in one of their large acroamatic schools, and Lucille Markwith had eloped with a once-upon-a-time duke and was living in Europe.

My next stopping place was at Des Moines, Iowa. In a large office building I saw on a door the name Eulitta Moeller. I received permission to interview her and was soon in the presence of a mannishly dressed woman. She was rather confused to see me but soon forgot it in telling me how she accidentally discovered that to add ginger and a little Red Seal lye to water was equivalent to gasoline in the running of Fords. However she swore me to secrecy. She called her discovery "Excel Gasso." To divert my attention, she asked me if I had visited their fine state asylum. She insisted that I should see it. While there I heard a high querulous voice singing, "When I was a maiden, a maiden, a maiden; when I was a maiden, a maiden was I." I shuddered and the warden who observed my fear, said "Oh, he is not a dangerous character. If I understand, he belonged to a New York Bachelor Club and had such a hard time staying an old bachelor that it unbalanced his mind. A queer case, His name is Earl Jackson."

Later I went to Wisconsin. While in Madison I heard that Professor Kemble, President of the University of Wisconsin was to give the graduation address. Ernest Neville was a professor of athletics in the same university and Helen York, winner of the world's athletic championship, was the girls' athletic trainer.

I heard while visiting in Michigan that Ethel King carried mail by airoplane over Lake Michigan. I met her one day and she told me that only once had she had an accident, and then she and her plane had fallen into Lake Michigan. That reminded her to tell me that Lawrence Townsend was living in Michigan and was one of their record apple growers.

It was not, however, until I reached Greenville that I heard anything of the rest of our G. H. S. class. I arrived just in time to hear the memorable address of Hon. Bertha Glessner, founder of the Anti-Pop Society.

Juanita Redman, a playwriter, told me that Beulah Reece and Norma Wilson were being featured in her play, "Love's Revenge." This caused me to inquire about Arno Teaford. "Oh, didn't you ever hear!" Juanita asked surprisedly. "Beulah won first prize in the News Pyramid Beauty Contest nineteen years ago and then decided to enter the movies. This made Arno very angry, yet he was determined to win her over by some means—riches, I guess. A short time afterwards he robbed a bank at Dayton, was captured and tried for the murder of the banker. He was not convicted and got off with a fifteen year's jail sentence."

I purchased a Greenville "Commoner" of a small boy and to my surprised, found that Florence Vance was the editor and owner and that Neva Michael was her assistant. A glaring headline announced that a prominent druggist of Greenville committed suicide early on Fridav morning. The article explained that Mr. Lloyd Weisenberger was subject to fits of melancholy over his financial affairs. While suffering from such an attack he took rat poison. He was taken to the city hospital and placed under the care of the head nurse, Hazel Weaver, but the poison soon completed its work. His remains were to be placed in the Greenville Cemetery. Poor "Nig!" I threw the paper down in disgust, but as I did so the headline, "Just Returned from Paris," attracted my attention. The account was as follows: Miss Marybess Wiebusch has just returned from Paris to visit with her parents. Miss Wiebusch is a musician of unusual ability and has been giving a series of musical fetes in company with Pierre Pierrot, her accompanist, to whom it is rumored she is engaged. Greenville should be proud of such genius as Miss Wiebusch. She is a graduate of the 1921 H. S. class.

Ah me, such is life.

NELLIE DUNHAM, '21.

Seniors Farewell Address.

FOUR score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new school building, constructed of brick and dedicated to the proposition that all bricks are created equal, Now we are engaged in our final examinations. testing whether all studies or any study can long endure. We have come to partake of that examination as a final test for those who spent five months here in teaching our class. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, all can not concentrate, all can not prevaricate, all can not graduate with our class. Brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have prevaricated more than our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what our class did here. It is for you, the remainder, rather to be dedicated to the work which we who struggled here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from our teachers we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these proffs shall not have tried in vain, and that this school, under God, shall have a new school building, and that the power of the teacher, for the teacher, and by the teacher, shall not perish from this pile of bricks.

I thank you.

ROBERT MARTIN

Discarded.

The old, old sweater hung on a nail,
Fading and fading, then growing quite pale,
The pockets were sagging and getting so torn,
And yet the old thing would still keep me warm
One day while in use, it got ripped on a tack
So now it is thrown away, not to come back.

LOIS BOOKER

In the Dentist's Chair.

The dentist's room
Is a nasty old place
He puts you in a chair,
And prys open your face.

Then blocks your teeth,
Way far apart
And tells you to gently
Swallow your heart.

With teeth all arouud
And tools everywhere,
Nothing is settled,
Not even your hair.

After much digging
And prying around,
He informs you that
Only six must be crowned.

With six to crown
And nine to fill,
You calmly sit down,
And swallow the pill

He gets all his tools,
And begins to grind
Until you think
He's out of his mind.

After many hours of torture
And you think he's nearly done
You hear him mutter,
"Well, I've finished one!"

And thus you sit
In that awful plight
Unttl you wish
That you could fight.

At last the work is finished,
And he's done all that he can,
But as you leave the office,
He says, "Please call again."

SAMUEL TRICK '23

School Days.

We started to school 'neath September's bright sun,
And all were rejoicing that school had begun.
We came when the autumn leaves golden and brown,
From boughs of the maple come fluttering down.
We plowed the deep snow drifts with laughter and shout
With never a wish for the school to be out.
But now the bright flowers and bees happy hum
Proclaim school is over; vacation has come.

The woods once clothed in bright yellow and gold,
Were stripped by cruel winter and left bare and cold.
But now they are wearing the summer's bright green
The bare naked branches no longer are seen.
All nature seems ever upon us to smile,
From meadow and woodland, as mile after mile,
We ramble and search for the sweetest wild flowers,---
For now school is over; vacation is ours.

HOWARD LYTLE, '23.

Good English Week.

There's pumpkins in the corn field,
  There's apples on the grass;
Let' all get out our English books,
  'Tis good English week at last.

We'll teach ourselves and foreigners,
  The right way to pronounce and spell,
The words of that great language,
  Of the land we love so well.

Though we travel in many strange lands,
  And many tongues we speak;
Of all other memories, great or small,
  Let's remember Good English Week.

Though I'll never be a poet,
  I can learn to pronounce and spell,
So please excuse my English,
  Though I tried to write it well.

JAMES A. DUNHAM '23.

The Storm

The bird flew 'cross the downcast sky,
The lightning flashed, the wind blew high;
All waifs of earth to shelter did scuttle,
And into houses people did huddle.
There were groans, prayers and some lamentations
Some cursed, some blessed the whole of creation

While the wind louder grew, and trees did crack
From their old foundations, and all was awack.
Then the rain came down in flashing torrents;
'Till the earth gleamed like a silvery orient.
Then the rain hushed, the world did shine,
And into the sky flashed a rainbow divine.

NELLIE DUNHAM

Just Weather.

'Smatter with the weather
  Or perhaps the weather man,
With winter an' fall together
  And spring so soon again?

We've ridden no old bob sleds,
  And skated almost none!
Felt more like makin' garden
  'Neath the ever shinin' sun!

These teachers keep us workin,'
  Jus' sif we'd really had
A jolly winter's shirkin'
  With a purse apiece from dad.

A lot of nerve, I'd call it,
  To hold snow feathers high,
Us cravin' here to maul it!
  'Snough to make one cry.

Well, helper of the weather chart
  Keep i' tup, your mighty clever,
But Groundhog stayed in from the start
  We're in for summer weather.

WILHELMINA LOHMAN '23.

The Dilemna of a Spaniard

Characters: Old Tight-Wad—a gentleman looking for cheap labor. Young Pancho Diez—a Spaniard who knows a little English. Bob Pierce—a young fellow who uses much slang. Frank Watkins—a nephew of Tight-Wad, and a chum of Bob. Mildred Moore—Bob's fiancee.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Time—November, 1920. Place—A Street in New York.

(Enter Bob and Frank, smoking cigarettes.

Bob: "Say, Frank, d'ja know I got a new girl?"

Frank: "Hm! Oh, joy, poor fish, you get a new one every day."

(Enter Pancho, fresh from Spain, who sneaks up behind Bob and Frank to learn more English.)

Bob: "Say boy, she's sure some kid."

(Mildred passes by but notices neither. Bob looks amazed.)

Bob: "There she goes now; but hang it, she didn't see me."

Frank: "Oh, you poor fish, she's jest vampin'ya. But she ain't a bad lookin chicken at that."

Pancho (aside): "Feesh cheecken,—I weel remember zose words." (Exit)

SCENE II.

Tight-Wad's apartment.

(Enter Pancho.)

Pancho: "I do not see the Senior Tight-Wad. I am sure zis is zee right address. I wondair eef I can find heem. Caramba! Here hee ees now. (Enter Bob and Frank). Oh, it ees ze Senior Feesh."

Bob: "Who's this bird?"

Pancho: "Alas, Senior, you make ze grande meestake. My name ees Diez."

Frank: "Oh, he must be the new servant that Unk's got."

Pancho: "Unk, bird,—I I weel remember zot too."

(Enter Tight-Wad.)

Frank: "Say, Unk, can't ya gimmie five more dollars on my allowance this week?"

Tight.: "Five dollars! Have you got the gimmies too? They're worse than the flu."

Frank: But, Unk—"

Tight.: "No buts about it. I won't give you a cent more. (Notices Pancho). Who is this?"

Pancho: I am ze new servant you ordair from ze agie, agie,—what you call him?"

Tight.: "Oh, this is my new servant. Frank, show him his duties. I have some business to attend to." (Exit.)

Frank: "Let's get even with old Tight-Wad! D'ja say Bob?"

Bob: "How?"

Frank: "I'll show ya. (To Pancho, pointing to the cat lying on the bed.) What's this?"

Pancho: "Yo no se Senior what ees?"

Frank: "That is water? Water! Get that now?"

Pancho: "You call heem wat-air? I will remembair zat."

Frank: "And that (pointing to kettle) is a kettle."

Pancho: "Oh, ket-tle!"

Bob: "I see, Frankie, old boy!"

Frank: (pointing to bed.) "And that is wood. See?"

Pancho: "You call heem wood."

Frank: "And what is that?" (pointing to Bob's head.)

Pancho: "Zat is wood, no?"

Frank (laughingly): "He's got you right, Bob. No, that is dishes. Do you know what 'wash' means?"

Poncho: "Si, Senior."

Frank: "Here comes old Tight. Let's beat it." (Exit.)

Pancho: "Water-tair, ket-tle, wood, dishes,—I will remembair zoze."

(Enter Tight-Wad.)

Tight.: "Did he show you all of your duties?"

Pancho: "Si, Senior."

Tight.: "I don't see anything. Get the water and put it in the kettle."

Pancho: "Put ze watair in ze kettle." (grabs cat and puts it in the kettle.)

Tight.: "Hey, wat ya trien to do?"

Pancho: "You tell me to put ze wattair in ze kettle, no?"

Tight.: "That's not water. That's a cat. I'll do that. You get in the wood. The fire has gone out." (Pancho jumps in bed.)

Tight.: "Hey, how do you get that way?"

Pancho: "You tell me to get in ze wood, no?"

Tight.: "No! I didn't tell you to get in bed. Go get some fish for supper and a chicken for dinner tomorrow."

Pancho: "Si, Senior." (Exit.)

Tight.: "Good-night, what's the matter with that fellow." (Walks the floor.)

(Enter Pancho with Bob and Mildred.)

Poncho: "I find zem just outside ze door."

Tight.: "I told you to get a fisn and a chicken and you brought these."

Bob: "What is the meaning of this?"

Mildred: "Yes, this fellow came and told us that you wanted us for dinner and for supper."

Pancho: "I hear zee othair gentleman call you ze poor feesh, and she ze cheeken, so I bring zem."

(Enter Frank.)

Bob: "High, Frank, what brings you here? Meet my fiancee, Miss Mildred Moore and Frank Watkins, my friend."

Tight.: "Well, since you are here, you might as well stay. Say, Frank, if you'll learn how to speak good English, I'll raise your allowance five dollars every week."

Frank: "Thanks, Unk-- I--

Tight.: "Pancho, go wash the dishes while I talk."

Pancho: "I wash ze dishes? Caramba!"

Tight.: "Yes, wash the dishes! How many times do I have to tell you?"

Mildred (to Bob): "I will marry you tomorrow, if you will promise to speak good English."

(Pancho gets soap and starts to massage Tight-Wad's head.)

Tight.: "Quit that!"

Pancho: "You no tell me to wash ze deeshes?"

Tight.: "That isn't dishes. That's my head."

Pancho: "Alas! I tink I do not know Eengliesh as well as I tink."

Tight.: "Frank, I'll give you a dollar more a week if you'll teach this fellow good English, and (to Pancho) I'll give you a dollar more a week if you learn it quickly."

Pancho: "Caramba! I shall learn eet queek so I can get ze cheeken of my own." (Curtain)

RICHARD JOHN.
EUGENE MARTIN.

MODELED IN CLAY BY RAY KELLER

The Basket Ball Tournament at Delaware.

The Delaware trip was planned from the beginning of the basketball season, not only from the team's stand-point but also from the schools, whose wonderful patronage made this trip possible.

Much to the disappointment of the school the team left on the six thirty-five, an hour or so earlier than the usual "getting up time." The day began with the train over an hour late but this was soon forgotten in the pleasure of the trip.

There were many teams, from all over the southern part of Ohio, in the station in Columbus. There were four from Darke County: Arcanum, Bradford, Ansonia, and Greenville. We only came in touch with a small part of the eighty-seven teams participating in the tournament.

Due to the generosity of Mr. Drake our team was splendidly entertained at his Fraternity house in Columbus. All the fellows in this way got a taste of real college life and learned much that will benefit them in later years when they start to college.

After taking dinner at the Fraternity house they were shown all over the college grounds, and met many old friends who were attending school there.

They left Columbus for Delaware at four thirty and arrived there at six and were stationed at the Union House. This was what seemed to be the beginning of good luck as most of the teams were stationed in hotels with two double rooms to a team. How they managed to sleep will always remain a mystery.

In the evening the coaches of all the teams assembled in the Edward's Gymnasium to decide who their opponents should be for the first games.

Our team drew a "buy" the first round, Bradford the second, and the winner of the Hiliards-Delaware game in the third.

As our game was to be played at five o'clock the team was at liberty to spend the day as they chose. The afternoon was chiefly spent in sleep preparatory to the evening games while the Coach sized up our opponents.

When five o'clock came our team was in high spirits. Several of the Greenville people attending Ohio Wesleyan assisted us in the cheering.

The line-up for the game was Paul Martin and Myers Clark forwards, Bob Stoltz and Bob Jenkinson guards, Bob Coppess center, with Gerald Peiffer substituting for Martin.

Myers Clark led the scoring for Greenville making seven points while Paul Martin was close second with six points. The game ended with the score nineteen to twelve in favor of Greenville High School.

This was a very hard fought game and the Greenville High School team showed their ability along the basket-ball line.

The Delaware game was at ten o'clock the same evening. They had a hard team to beat as Delaware was accustomed to the floor and had the advantage of the crowd.

The game started by a run from the Delaware team who made three baskets in the first few minutes of the game. Martin, previous to the game had been sick and had to be taken out. Peiffer substituted for him and later Dale Lephart replaced Peiffer.

The game was a good one but the odds were too great and we lost by a score of seventeen to five. Coppess led the scoring for Greenville making four of the five points.

The Delaware team was eliminated by Stivers, who won by only four points thus proving that the Delaware team was one of the fastest on the floor.

Our team started home on Saturday afternoon and stopped in Columbus to witness the Ohio State-Michigan game. They arrived here Sunday night, all resolved that they should have another try at the cup in the near future.

LLOYD WEISENBARGER, '21.

The Last of the Skippers.

We were crowded in the assembly,
Not a soul was dared to sleep
It was raining on the out side,
And the roof had sprung a leak.

As we sat there in the silence.
Each one busy with his cares,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As we staggered down the stairs

All was quiet along the stairway,
Quieter still along the hall,
Determination marked each visage,
Silence reigned among us all.

As we approached so stealthily,
Anxious of impending fate,
Suddenly Mr. Bailey in the hallway,
Warned us that we were too late.

ERNEST HUGHES.

JUNIOR CAST

BOOSTER DAY

1920 Class Night Program

March—"Pluribus Unum" ..... High School Orchestra
Class Play—"Miss Somebody Else"—A Comedy in Four Acts.
Directed by Miss Myra Swisher—English Dept. High School.
Written by Marion Short.

THE PLOT

Mrs. Delavan, the unsuccessful manager of a public club house and on the verge of bankruptcy, consents to her daughter's wishes to continue in the social life of society and then appeals to her scientific husband for a solution to her problems. But all in vain is her appeal, for her husband's only interest is the perfecting of a new gas, Ozonia, which he hopes to give to the world in behalf of the health of little children.

At this critical time, Constance Darcy, who is the daughter of an old school mate of Mrs. Delavan, and now acting as a detective to capture the crook who stole mining stocks from her rich old father, pays them a visit. After learning the real truth of the financial conditions of her mother's dear friend, Delavan, she comes to her assistance.

Disguised as an Irish maid, she transforms the old club house into a popular resort and among its new guests, through the recognition of an old traveling bag, discovers Ralph Hastings, the crook who robbed her father. Her schemes to thwart all the plans of the villian and finally to capture him, form exciting moments.

THE CAST

Constance Darcy, daughter of a multi-millionaire mine owner ... Nellie Turner
Celeste, a French maid in the employ of Constance ..... Margaret Markwith
Ann Delavan, a reduced gentlewoman, manager of the Tuxedo-brook Club House ..... Leah Jefferis
Mildred Delavan, eighteen year old daughter of Ann and Jasper Delavan. She is light-headed, fond of display, sentimental and vain ..... Helen Hoffman
Mrs. Blainwood, a society leader at Tuxedo-brook ..... Gertrude Mider
Fay Blainwood, Mrs. Blainwood's debutant daughter ..... Vera Anderson
Alice Stanley, a graceful society girl ..... Marline Westerfield
Freda Mason, another society girl ..... Velma Weisenbarger
Ceres Williams
Susan Ruggs, Mrs. Delavan's maid servant of a melancholy disposition and uncertain age ..... Pauline Robbins
Cruger Blainwood, Mrs. Blainwood's only son ..... Robert Minnich
Ralph Hastings, a young crook ..... Edward Pilliod
John, chauffeur to Constance ..... Roscoe Bailey
Jasper Delavan, an elderly scientist ..... Leonard Blackwell
Sylvester Crane, a diffident chap of good family ..... Fred Place
Bert Shaffer, an enthusiastic but awkward member of Tuxedo-brook society ..... Simon Dunkle

GUESTS

Alice Kimmel, Helen Miller, Florence Rimer, Winifred Calderwood, Irene Wilt, Robert Gilbert, Robert Williams, George Albright, and Clarence Schmalenberger

SETTING

ACT I—A small tea room in the Tuxedo-brook Club House.
ACT II—The same.
ACT III—Another room in the Tuxedo-brook Club House.
ACT IV—The same.

Music by the High School Orchestra and Glee Club
Special Furniture Lamps furnished by Cambell Furniture Store

FAT BALL
Ray Fuller
'21

Foot Ball Athletics.

At the beginning of the school year of 1920, the spirit shown by the student body and the faculty could not have been equaled in the past. This was due greatly to the fact that we were fortunate enough to get Coach Drake this year. Under the able supervision of Coach Drake, we were given the opportunity to develope any physical qualities which we possessed. The training in Athletics not only builds up the body, and mind, but makes every student more alert even in the school room.

This football season was the most successful that G H S. has experienced for a number of years, but what made it successful was the teamwork shown by the team. With this teamwork, the hard work of the Coach and the never failing spirit of the Student body, G. H. S. was able to turn out a successful football team.

JAMES HELMAN, '21.

Foot Ball

WEST ALEXANDRIA AT GREENVILLE

October 1. This was the first game of the season and although G. H. S. had not had very much practice they succeeded in defeating West Alexandria by the score of 18-0. The game was fast and exciting and attended by a large crowd of rooters.

GREENVILLE AT WEST ALEXANDRIA

October 8. The following Friday, Greenville journeyed to West Alexandria. Although the opposition was much greater than the previous week the G. H. S. triumphed, 7-0.

GREENVILLE AT ARCANUM

October 15. The team went to Arcanum this week and defeated them by the score of 29-0. The team had hoped to run up a large score but Arcanum had surprised them. A large crowd of rooters accompanied the team.

VAN WERT AT GREENVILLE

October 22. Van Wert played Greenville this week. It was rumored that this team had never been defeated but before they got home it had been rumored in Van Wert that they had been defeated by the fast Greenville team, 13-0.

ARCANUM AT GREENVILLE

October 28. Arcanum came to Greenville this week with great hopes of defeating G. H. S. but not only were Arcanum's hopes smashed but Greenville's hope of a large score realized in a 73-0 score.

SIDNEY AT GREENVILLE

November 5. Sidney came to Greenville with good reputation already having defeated Piqua. The Green and White after a thrilling battle had succeeded in defeating them 20-3. This was the first time the G. H. S. had been scored on.

GREENVILLE AT MIAMISBURG

November 12. This was the best game of the season. No two teams fought harder or were more evenly matched. The result was always in doubt but a touchdown in the third quarter gave the Green and White the game.

GREENVILLE AT PIQUA (Cancelled)

November 19. Greenville was supposed to have played Piqua but owing to the condition of the ground the game had to be called off.

November 24. This was the last game of the season. Owing to the adverse condition of the ground and to the unsportsmanship of the Sidney players, and their referee Greenville lost by a close score of 6-9.

FOOT BALL SCORE

	G. H. S.	OPPONENTS
Oct. 1. West Alexandria at Greenville	18	0
Oct. 8. Greenville at West Alexandria	7	0
Oct. 15. Greenville at Arcanum	29	0
Oct. 22. Van Wert at Greenville	13	0
Oct. 28. Arcanum at Greenville	73	0
Nov. 5. Sidney at Greenville	20	3
Nov. 12. Greenville at Miamisburg.	7	0
Nov. 19. Greenville at Piqua (cancelled)		
Nov. 24. Greenville at Sidney	6	9
	173	12

Number of Quarters Played in Foot Ball

Jackson, center	32	Reck, Myron, tackle	15
Jenkinson, guard	32	Peiffer, half-back	14
Reck, David, tackle	32	Culbertson, guard	13
Stoltz, full-back	30	Rehmert, guard	23
Clark, end	28	McEow n, guard	20
Coppess, end	28	Rush John, guard	4
Lephart, half back	27	Jobes, full-back	3
Martin, (Captain), quarter-back	27	Taylor, half-back	2
Kolp, half-back	23	Rush, Harvey, quarter-baek	2
Helman, guard	19	McGreevey, center	2

Foot Ball letters were awarded to the following:

Martin, Paul
Stoltz, Robert
Lephart, Dale
Kolp, Robert
Peiffer, Herald
Clark, Myers
Coppess, Robert
Reck, David
Reck, Myron
Heln.an, James
Jenkinson, Robert
Jackson, Earl

BASKET BALL
Rayfield
'21

Basket Ball

Like the football team, the basketball team enjoyed the most successful season it has passed in many years. They got started early and won by far the greater per cent of their games. The main factor in their success was the teamwork displayed. The team got together better than any team G. H S. has had for some time, and generally lost their opponents with whirlwind passing. In respect to the teamwork, too much credit cannot be given Coach Drake, whose instruction did much to develope the team's passing

In Stoltz and Haworth, the team had two guards, who were the equals of any two men the team faced. In Coppess they had a center who, as a rule, was able to outplay his opponent. Clark and Martin at the forwards were always in the game and always scoring well. In addition the team had such a great wealth of substitutes that the absence of a regular was not necessarily disastrous.

HARVEY RUSH, '21.

BASKET BALL TEAM

Basket Ball

GREENVILLE AT PLEASANT HILL

The team opened the season at Pleasant Hill, with a 26 to 7 victory. The game showed plainly that it was the first one for Greenville, and some of the men stuck rather to football tactics.

XENIA AT GREENVILLE

This was our first defeat. The team was badly handicapped by the absence of three regulars but the subs fought hard. Xenia played a whirlwind game and deserved all they got though, with a team of full regulars the score might have been otherwise than 26 to 11 against us.

TIPPECANOE CITY AT GREENVILLE

Tippecanoe City was here when the team really hit its stride. The visitors had some team but they couldn't keep in the game with G. H. S. Our passing was good and the guarding tight, The score was 20 to 9.

ARCANUM AT GREENVILLE

Arcanum claimed the championship of the county last year and came up to uphold her claims and likewise avenge the two football defeats she suffered at the hands of the Green and White. The game was fast and scrappy but superior teamwork told, and G. H. S, triumphed 29 to 17.

GREENVILLE AT TROY

Jan. 21. This game was well played despite the absence of three regulars and the coach. The team succeeded in holding the fast Troy quintet to the score of 36 to 20.

ANSONIA NORMAL

Jan. 28. In this game Greenville had a walk over, the game at no time being in a doubt. After the first few minutes of play, Ansonia began using defensive tactics but they were made dizzy by the fine passwork of the Green and White and lost by the score of 46 to 13

UNION CITY IND. AT GREENVILLE

Feb. 4. Union City put a great battle but they were no match for Coach Drake's boys. The Green and White had them outclassed from all angles of the game. The score 45 to 23.

PIQUA AT GREENVILLE

Feb. 11. If ever a team wanted to win a game, the G. H S. wanted to win this one. Believing that they had a winning team, but were not allowed to prove it. They were out to prove it in basketball. This game was fast and exciting and not until the last few minutes did Greenville succeed in cinching the game.

PLEASANT HILL AT GREENVILLE

Feb. 18 Greenville won this game without much opposition. The game was slow and unexciting and at no time were the Green and White in danger of defeat. The final score 35 to 15.

GREENVILLE AT UNION CITY, IND.

Feb. 25. Union City was out to avenge their first defeat. They put up a much stiffer game than before but it was not enough to stop the whirlwind passwork of the Green attd White who won 23 to 8.

BASKET BALL SCORES

		G. H. S.	OPPONENTS
December 10	Greenville at Pleasant Hill	26	7
December 17	Xenia at Greenville	11	26
December	Alumni Game	33	15
January 7	Tippecanoe City at Greenville	20	9
January 14	Arcanum at Greenville	29	17
January 21	Greenville at Troy	20	36
January 28	Ansonia Normal at Greenville	46	13
February 4	Union City, Ind at Greenville	45	23
February 11	Piqua at Greenville	33	26
February 18	Pleasant Hill at Greenville	35	15
February 25	Greenville at Union City, Ind.	23	8
March 4	Basket Ball Tournament at Delaware		
	Bradford	19	12
	Delaware	5	17
March 11	Greenville at Arcanum	8	18
	Total	363	242

BASKET BALL (Second Team)

December 10	Greenville at Pleasant Hill	17	9
January 14	Arcanum at Greenville	19	10
January 28	Versailles at Greenville	32	11
February 18	Pleasant Hill at Greenville	12	2
March 11	Greenville at Arcanum	16	10
		96	42

The following boys were awarded Basket Ball G's: Coppess, Clark, Stoltz, Martin, Jenkinson, Peiffer, Lephart.

Girl's Athletics

This year it was by no means necessary to coax the girls to answer Miss Evan's call for basket ball candidates. The Sophomore and Senior teams were composed mainly of veterans, but the Freshman class also had some material to be proud of. All those who came for practice, which lasted several weeks, worked hard and showed fair progress.

It being decided to have inter-class games, a good many routers turned out and showed their class spirit.

Only three games were played, owing to the fact that the Juniors could not scrape up a team and had to forfeit their games. The first was a hard fought game between the Freshmen and Sophomores, the Freshmen winning by a score of 14 to 12. In the second, the Seniors nosed out the Freshmen by a score of 14 to 1, but the "babies" showed sportsmanship by being good losers. The third game, Seniors and Sophomores, was the closest race. However, the Seniors maintained the championship.. Score, 15 to 13.

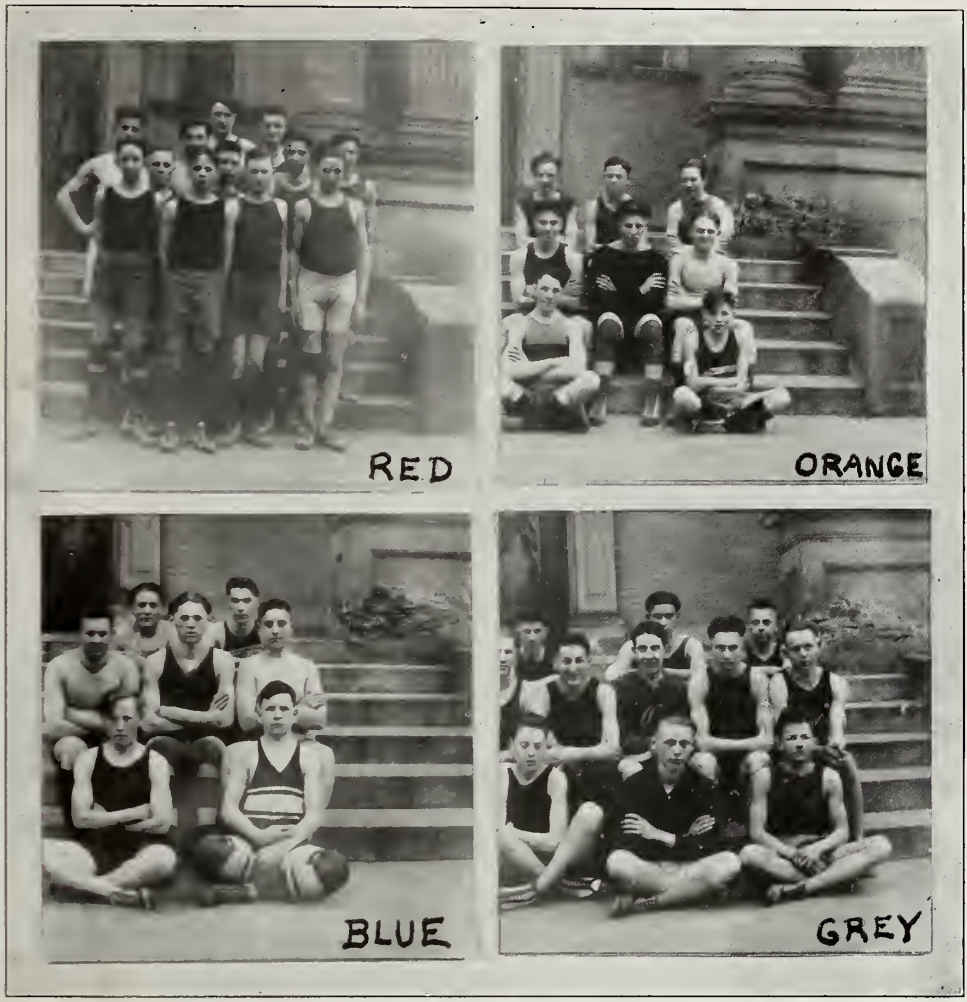
The girls are now looking forward to an interesting track practice in order to make the Field Meet this year the best ever.

The teams of the respective classes were:

Freshmen: Betty Kemble, captain and forward, Mary Livingston, forward, Wilhelmina Kurz, jumping center, Evelyn Hufnagle, running center, Margaret Brown, guard, and Pauline Brown, guard.

Sophomore: Milldred Haworth, captain and forward, Laurene Hamilton, forward, Ruth Hahn, jumping center, Lovina Turner, running center, Corene Wilt, guard, and Alice Strait, guard.

Senior: Helen York, captain and jumping center, Juanita Redman, running center, Doris Kerlin, forward, Catharine Katzenberger, forward, Sarah Ross, guard and Thelma Young, guard



Group Basket Ball Teams

Several years ago, something new in the line of Athletics was inaugurated in G. H. S. Group Basket Ball Teams were formed, so as to give an opportunity for every boy in High School to engage in athletics. Four groups have been organized—the Blue, Grey, Orange and Red. The games are played every Friday afternoon in the gymnasium. This plan has been found to be very effective, and has given everyone a chance to engage in athletics.

BASE BALL
Ray Keller
'21

Base Ball

Last years team was composed of nearly all new material, only two of the regulars of the year before being back. The largest squad reported for practice that has ever been known and this made the work of the Coach harder in selecting a team. The season was not a success, G. H S. winning two out of the four games played. The weather conditions were very bad and a number of games had to be cancelled.

SCHEDULE.

1. Versailles at Greenville.
2. Greenville at Versailles.
3. Union City at Greenville.
4. Greenville at Union City.

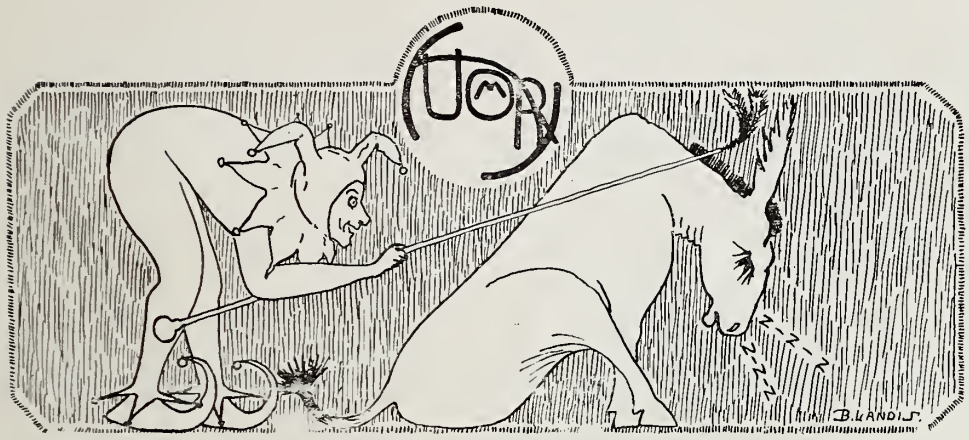
1st Game. This was the first game of the season and it was plainly evident, nevertheless the game was close and exciting, and not until the last inning did Versailles bring in the winning run. Score, 7-6.

2nd Game. Versailles had little difficulty in winning this game by the score of 11-6. The Green and White could not hit consistently and failed to follow up their advantage. (Both teams were handicapped by the cold and strong wind)

3rd and 4th Games. There was little to these games, Greenville easily defeating Union City by the scores of 28-3 and 29-5.

G's awarded: Culbertson, Fox, Paul Martin, J. E. Martin, Jobes, Clark, and Coppess.

RAY KELLER
EUGENE MARTIN



Teacher—"Now every person has so much sulphur in their body, but some people haven't as much as others."

Witty Student—"No wonder some people make poor matches."

At Junior Play.

Glen Rebka to Pauline Holzapfel—"Dearest, do you not love me?"

Pauline—(shaking her head) "No."

Miss Kidwell—(enthusiastically) "Oh! Yes! Yes! You do, Pauline."

A Senior Girl—"No wonder I can't get history. Here it says Lincoln was shot in his box. Now where do you suppose his box is?"

Mr. Allen—"Tomorrow we shall have a test. We have not had one since the Civil War."

Definition given on test paper—"Heir—One that is bequeathed to something."

Mr. Rohleder—"Into what three divisions was Alexander's Empire divided?"

Bright Sophomore—"It was divided into Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil."

Erny Hughes--(in English class) "Have you a pen?"

Miss Kidwell—"No, but I have plenty of points."

Erny—"That's what I need. Will you give me some?"

Mr. Ottman—(explaining concerning Spanish Club Orchestra) "Now last year the orchestra was organized but we didn't get to play. We practiced some but the orchestra was a failure. We want to do the same thing this year." (?)

Jimmie Lynch answering question wrong in History.
Mr. Rohleder—"Everyone that believes that, get up and stand on your head."

Miss Lindsey (in English) "Can anyone give me a sentence with universal in it?"
Freshie—"Yes. A Ford is a universal buzz wagon."

Miss Morris—(Geometry) "What is space?'
Pupil—"I've got it in my head, but I can't say it."

Found on Eng. II test—"Open puncturation is when you do not put in all the puncturation."

Neva Michael, in 7th period English class, speaking of the witch scene in "Macbeth"—"The witches held the audience in suspension."

Peoples Store

CLASS OF 1921

The Optimist says:

"If some reckless fellow, with feelings averse,
Starts a scandalous story on you
Just smile and forget it, it might have been worse
Remember it might have been true."

Yours,

BARR & CO.

4% Paid on Time Savings Deposits

Peoples Savings Bank

ED MONG

"The Fashion Shop"

Headquarters For

SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES
and KAHN TAILORED CLOTHES

The Best Place to Find the Latest in HATS, SHIRTS, TIES and HOSIERY

327 BROADWAY

THE *Treaty Company*

WHOLESALE

Plumbing, Heating, Mill, Factory, Water and Well Supplies

MANUFACTURERS

Red Indian Pumps, Royal Stoves and Ranges, Feed Cookers, Butchers' Stoves, Tank Heaters and Municipal Castings

THE TREATY COMPANY was formerly The Ross Supply Company, which was incorporated in 1902 and took the name from the then manager of the company. This name was continued until 1919, at which time the name of the company was changed to The Treaty Company.

Among our many customers and friends outside of the city of Greenville, the question is sometimes asked what is the significance of the new name. This is the explanation.

In 1790 the whole of what was then known as the Northwest territory was a wilderness and the few white settlers in it were harassed by Indian warriors and massacres and which culminated in the disastrous defeat of General St. Clair at Fort Recovery in 1791. In 1795 General Anthony Wayne having subdued the Indians, called them into council at Fort Greenville and after weeks of deliberation the Treaty of Greenville, which threw open the Northwest Territory to settlement and progress, was signed. From this territory the great states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and a part of the State of Michigan, were formed. Some years afterwards, the town, now city, of Greenville was laid out on the site of the old fort and the scene of the famous council that created the treaty. Since that time the city of Greenville has been known as The Treaty City.

In selecting a permanent name for the Company it was thought because of its location that none could be selected that would be more appropriate than The Treaty Company, referring to the great Treaty from which came so much good and prosperity.

Our wish is that the policy of our Company may be similar to the great Treaty in fair dealing, prosperity and good service to our customers and friends

Yours respectfully, **THE TREATY CO.**

Quality Store Clothes

Are

RIGHT in STYLE
RIGHT in SENSE
RIGHT in PRICE

See Clothes Fitted by Expert Tailor

THE MONG CLOTHING CO.

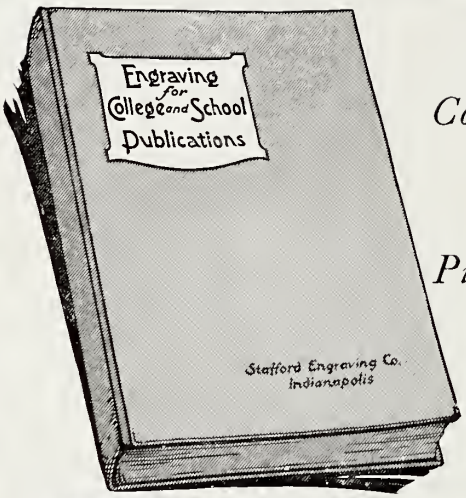
Quality Store

Greenville, Ohio Bradford, Ohio

Who's Who—Famous For—And Why

Esther Bolick	Her prize blond hair	Peroxide (?)
Lois Booker	Quietness?	Oh, Man!
Esther Bowman	Vamping "Jack"	Senior rhetoricals
Mary Boyer	Wit	She's full of it
Mary Buchanan	Nicknames	See Mariet
Mary Calderwood	Comedy	Just hear her laugh
Margaret Cooke	Complexion	Powder and paint
Dorothy Coppock	Fantastic dancing	Acquired reflex-action
Nellie Dunham	Ability as Staff Secretary	Very capable
Dassie Eaton	Skill as stenographer	Can't help it
Adah Fox	Sphinx-like silence	Bashful
Opal Fox	Transcribing shorthand	She studies
Cleo Benien	Ability in "Caesar"	Ask Re.
Mildred French	Farming	They're in demand
Bertha Glessner	Vamping	Breaking hearts
Ruby Hoke	Ability in chemistry	Ask Mr. Metzgar
Bessie Huffman	Devotion to knowledge	Burns the midnight oil
Vera Hufford	Meekness	Because she is
Esther Hughes	Religious life	She goes to church
Eleanor Johannes	Expert typing	Try her
Helen Johannes	Brains	See Miss Kidwell
Josephine Jones	Her "Bobs"	They're so nice
Catharine Katzenberger	Her poetry	It comes natural
Doris Kerlin	Athletics	Ask Dot
Ethel King	Book-keeping	Natural ability
Lois Lohmann	Her beauty	Powders and mirrors
Lucile Markwith	Boys and boys	Ask her
Dorothea Mendenhall	Love stories	Eats 'em up
Lorena Mendenhall	Smiles	Just her way
Clara Meyer	Her good nature	Can't help it
Neva Michael	Her brilliance	Shines in school
Mary Miller	Ability as Senior usher	Never makes mistakes
Eulitta Moeller	Friendliness	It pays
Martha Mong	Geniality	She's a nice kid
Ethel Oelslager	Trips to Union City	There's a reason
June Pearce	Her broken arms	Awkwardness (?)
Juanita Redman	Basket ball	Athletic
Sarah Ross	Excitability	Light headed
Beulah Reece	Her headlight	It's bright
Reland Schreel	Being in on everything	Her pep
Adrian Small	Quietness	Do you know her?
Ruth Swartz	Her voice	It's like an angel's
Florence Vance	Talkativeness	She knows everything

Hazel Weaver	Curls	They're natural
Marybess Wiebusch	Musical talent	She plays everything well
Norma Wilson	Fickleness	Nuff sed!
Helen York	Talent in poker	Naturally bright
Thelma Young	Her laugh	Did you ever hear it?
Forest Armstrong	Carpentry	Ask "Kricky"
E. J. Colville	Farming	He loves the corn
Harry Culbertson	Business-like ways	Hustler
Francis Eidson	A's (E's)	Ask Mr. Bailey
Carl Fox	Teasing	Just his way
Bob Ganger	His talking trombone	He plays like Fos
Harry Haworth	Tardiness	Dates
Fat Helman	Being the one exception	Not every good thing is small
Ern Hughes	Pep	I don't know; do you?
Bill Jobes	Argumentation	He loves it
Earl Jackson	Trips to Versailles	We wonder
James Keller	His famous brother	Read on
Ray Keller	Designing the Annual	Comes natural
Tiby Kemble	Playing violin	He can play
Bob Kolp	Being midget of football team	"And the little boy caught it"
Byron Lamb	Detective-like ways	Watch him
Emerson Livingston	Asking (?) for dates	Ask him
Gilbert Leas	Studious ways	He studies
Elvin Murphy	His knowledge	He sticks to it
Bob Martin	"Yes-es-a," "Sure-a"	Listen!
Ernest Neville	Bashfulness	Afraid of girls
Bob Stoltz	Loneliness	Ask Sheeney
Harvey Rush	Bachelor days	Sad experience
Edward Steffen	Agriculture	He took it from Warner
George Stephens	Smiles	Ask the girls
Forest Winters	His Caruso-like voice	Just Listen!
Freeman Warner	Speed	Drives a Ford
Laylin Weaver	Solemnity	Sad effect of rural life
Mark Winters	Knowledge of bugs	Ask Warner
Lloyd Weisenberger	Invincibility	Nothing can stop him
Paul Yonker	Dates (?)	He loves the ladies
Paul Youst	Vamping girls	Wouldn't you?



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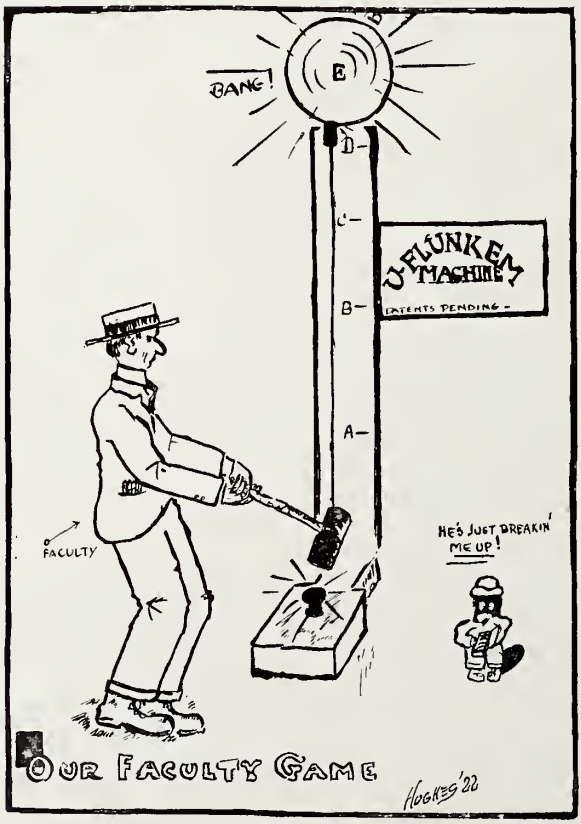
Loyd W.—(in English) "The iambic foot is two feet and one stretched." (stressed)

A pair in a hammock attempted to kiss.
And in a jiffy they were like this.

"Did you know that the human being contains sulphur?"
"No, really?"
"Yes, that's the reason some girls make better matches than others."

Freshman to Senior—"Will you tell me how you can divide 17 apples equally among 11 boys, if 4 of them are real small?"
Senior—"Yes. Mak'em into apple sauce."

What is the difference between Norma Wilson and a mouse?
One charms the "hes" and the other harms the cheese.



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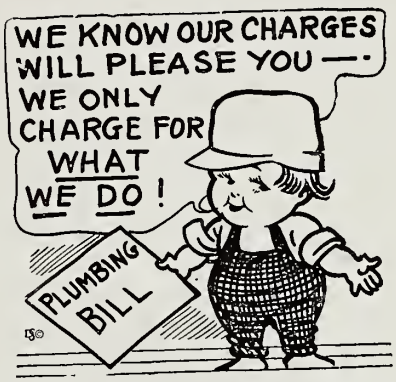

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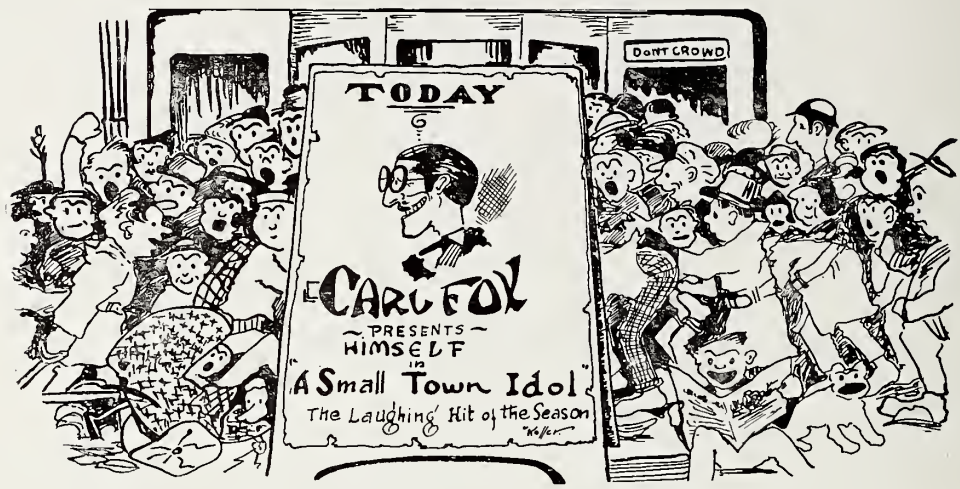


Taken from English examination papers over "Vicar of Wakefield": Geo. Primrose sang for the "pheasents" (peasants).

Mr. Thornhill was found out to be a "scandal" (scoundrel). George Primrose is requested to go work for a living, so the Vicar gives George his blessing and a "hobby-horse" (horse, meaning staff).

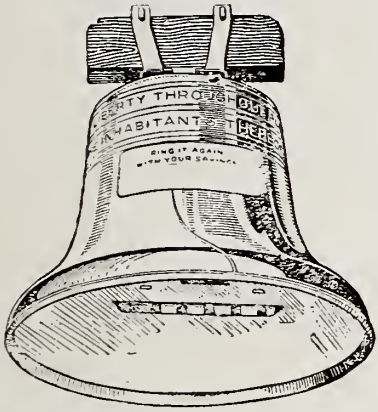
Miss Lindsey—"Who knows anything about Venus?"
Ott.—"I sat beside her ma in the street car the other day."

Mr. Allen—"What is the difference between a formal and informal party?"
Thelma Young—"Formal is an affair for which you dress and informal is where you don't.'

Mr. Gowdy, calling on Wm. Patty, who had been in California for two months—"William Patty, the next sentence." (Loud uproar from the class.)
Mr. Gowdy—"Is he absent today?"

Mr. Allen—"What big problem confronted us after the Spanish War?"
Freeman Warner—"The Death of McKinley."

Dobbie—(translating in Spanish I.) "The corn is a tall plant and has green leaves and yellow eyes."



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Roundheads vs. Soreheads

My Dear Miss Kidwell:

A most exciting game of volley-ball was played in the gymnazium last Wednesday evening. The final score was announced after much debating and blustering on the part of the Soreheads, and proved the Soreheads no match for the more athletic Roundheads. The final score being 3 to 2 in favor of the victors, of course.

The line-up for the Soreheads were all second hand players as they soon proved themselves. Captain Baily put his men through a stiff practice. Metzgar, garbed in foot-ball clothes, made a vicious protest to his captain when no rest was granted after the work-out, before the game, but taking all in consideration Harry was light on his feet. Othello Ottman was the only player of ability on the side of the Soreheads, although he much resembled a cupie doll, his appearance did not affect his elegant serving over the net. Captain Baily seemed unable to hold his temper, and was unable to taste defeat as their gallant team fell before the strong Roundhead onslaught. Rholeder, who at first did not understand the game, spruced up a bit and was the cause of their first victory, with the able aid of staring Slim Kessler.

No mention should be given the Roundheads as their victories explain their team's ability, under the guidance of their most esteemed captain, Hon. Mr. Moslin Drake, Ph. D. the opposing five showed the benefit of slight training.

Metzgar tried his best to put the ball over the net but his weight held him down on the floor most of the time and it took the combined efforts of both teams to help him regain a standing position. The members of the Soreheads were not able to understand the intricate plays of their opponents, and as an alibi they accused the umpire of cheating in favor of the Roundheads. The time of actual playing was forty-five minutes and the total time of argumentation was one hour and thirty-six minutes.

On leaving the floor the Roundheads were informed that the sentiments wished on them by the Soreheads was not of the best nature, as they soon found out before they left the gymnazium. During the time of dressing the enmity grew between the two teams, and by the time of departure an open conflict looked inevitable. As they passed through the Roundheads' dressing room, their envy was intense, but a few heated words from the soreheaded Soreheads, were soon returned by the gallant Roundhead warriors and the defeated team left in no good frame of mind.

The featured players of the game were Metzgar, on receiving he was unsurpassed. Ottman also did good work in serving and receiving. Every member of the Soreheads proved themselves capable of arguing any question to the fullest extent, and it is reported by good reliable persons, that the Soreheads are still sore.

The party was called off on account of rain. We are terribly sorry.

JOHN.

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Pep-a-la-Mode

I will admit we as seniors, know very little and furthermore, hope we will be able to acquire great knowledge, but before that can be accomplished, each one of us will have to know the meaning of "Pep." It would be safe to say that nine out of ten could not define this simple word. Mr. Webster was unable to do it, because I looked to see.

Now let me ask you a few questions. Where does Pep originate? Why do we say some boy or girl has Pep? Why do we always say something has Pep when it appears full of life? I will tell you what Pep is, if you have time and patience to read farther.

Pep is a bug; and being like any other bug, it tries to be independent; this accounts for the many different kinds of Pep. Now when we say a young man has a lot of Pep, we mean he has an abundant supply of a particular kind of a Pep bug. If a school has Pep, it likewise has a Pep bug. When we speak of a teacher with Pep you may conclude our meaning to be, that he has a bug. It makes no difference what one applies the Pep bug to, the same lively effect will follow. Now with this information one can readily pick out a good definition; but for those who have not acquired a bug, here is an easy one to remember: Pep is the "Bug of Ambition."

This particular bug is one's best friend. If you, dear reader, should ever be near anyone with a Pep bug, and have not caught one, by all means get busy. Take good care of it and your worries are over. Get one of these precious creatures, give it a good home and we will guarantee the results. Make your selection with care otherwise you might get the wrong kind of a bug, and this would cause a most disastrous calamity. The best way to select is to take only the one labeled, "Co-operation and Optimism." By doing this, you will be an asset and not a liability to society.

The world demands Pep from everyone, so get your share of this labeled bug and start out. J. C. Fox, '21.

As a minister and his two daughters were walking along the beach, they met a fisherman overhauling his nets. The minister stopped to talk and introduced himself as a "Fisher of Men." The fisher man looked at the minister, then at his daughters, and said, "You all got pretty good bait."

Mr. Metzgar—(working problem) "Is that right?"
Bill Jobes—(under his breath) "That wasn't what I got?"
Mr. Metzgar—"Well, this must be right then?"

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THE publication of the Annual is not to make money, but simply to record the year's happenings which will be cherished by classmates in the years to come. The cost of the last year's Annual amounted to $914.15. Through the generosity of its advertisers and the sale of the Annuals, the sum of one hundred and thirty-five dollars, over and above all the cost, was realized. The Class of 1920 has voted to erect a sun dial near the Library with this money.

Miss Kidwell, in English Class, speaking to Bob Kolp—"Robert, you may read the next paragraph."
Bob—"Out loud?"

Mr. Metzgar—(in Chemistry) "Now all the girls go to the board and fix up a balanced menu for one meal."
Reland S.—"Shall we fix it for any person or for you?"

Kansas burglar holds up City Hall. If it's in the same shape our relic is, it needs some one to hold it up.

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AFTER all, when one reaches the end of four years' High School work, one has found nothing in all the books more beautiful than the masterpiece which begins with—

"*He leadeth me*
beside the still waters"—

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THE PUBLIC AND OPTOMETRY

THE Public knows comparatively little about Optometry, its real purposes and functions. In a general way it is known that an Optometrist fits glasses, but it is not realized that in the last few years this profession has made great advances. Optometry is not the simple business that used to be conducted by the Optician. Optometry is more of a profession than of a business and an Optometrist has primarily a service for sale. Learn about your eyes here.

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THE night was dark the sky was yellow,
When the dogs meowed the cows would hellow
A bareheaded boy with a hat and a how
Stood sitting on his head in the July snow
His brow was dark and very white,
The sun was shining thru the night.
The ocean turned dry and the land very wet,
The dog will shake hands with the cat, I'll bet,
The hot stove was cold and the ice was warm,
The dog and the cat for the parrot did mourn
This little poem is surely good
But I don't know if it can be understood.

—EUGENE MARTIN

Freshman—"I got zero in Algebra."
Sophomore—"Huh! That's nothin'."

In these days of tight money about the only men who can raise money on their notes are Caruso and McCormack.

Says wife spent half his wages on face paint.
She surely had a lot of cheek.

Thelma Young—(in chemistry class) "Crisco isn't any good! We made pies in cooking with it and had to throw them out."
Mr. Metzgar—"Maybe it was the cook?"
Young—"I don't know, Miss Ross made them!"

Philosophy of a young grade pupil.
Teacher—"When you speak to a woman you say Ma'am; Now what do you say to a man?"
Bright Boy—"Pop."

Student—"Say, Mr. Metzgar, this match won't light."
Mr. Metzgar—"Why, that's funny, I lit it a little while ago."

We wonder why Harry Culbertson gets so excited in third hour history class when the rights of married men are discussed?

Esther Bolick—(describing an Elizabethan theater) "The actors wore no costumes."

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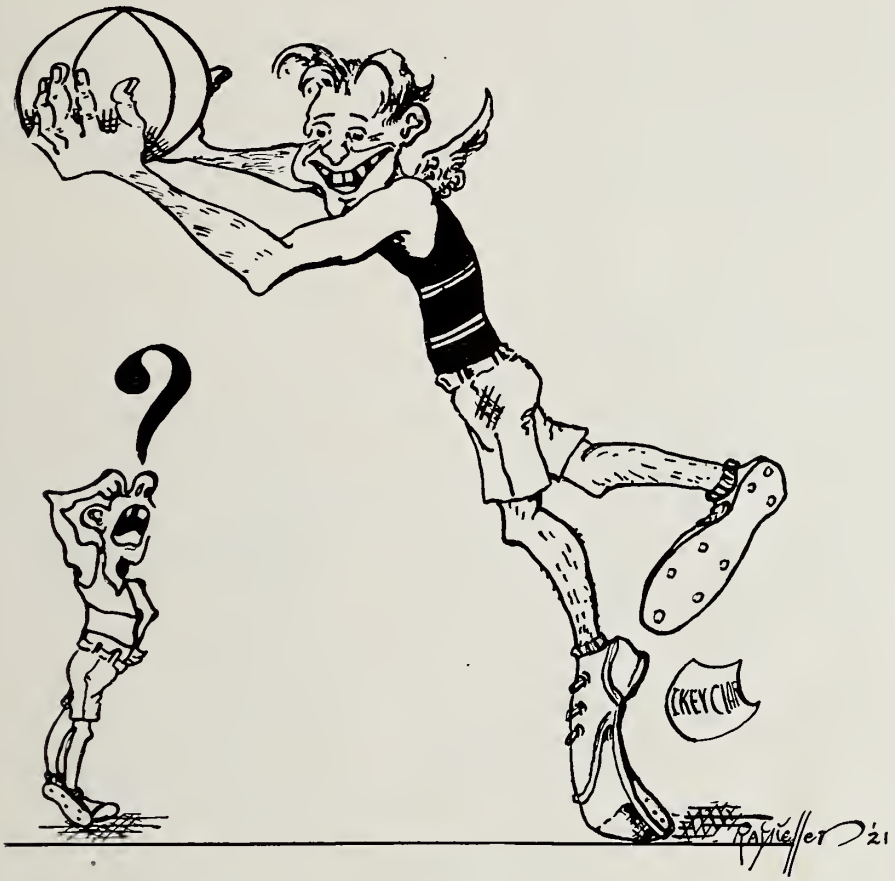

Secrets.

The sun is sinking in the west,
All birds and bees have gone to rest,
The twinkling stars are coming out,
While the moon begins its nightly route.

The crickets now commence their song,
To sing to us the whole night long,
While far away we hear the call,
Of the owl who's wise and knows it all.

But he keeps secrets to himself,
And tells no one—mortal or elf,
So if you've secrets, just tell him;
'Cause he guards them from your friend or kin.

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By the Fireside.

Outside fall the snow flakes lightly
  Through the night loud raves the storm
In my room, the fire glows brightly,
  And 'tis cozy, silent, warm.

I sit thinking on the settle,
  By the firelight's cheerful blaze,
Listening to the busy kettle,
  Bringing back forgotten days.

MARY CALDERWOOD '21

June Pearce—(while washing dishes in cooking) "Oh, here's my chewing-gum in the dish water."
One minute intermission.
Jo. Jones—"Don't let Miss Ross see you chewing it."

Hester Hawes—(translating in Spanish) "Argentina was exported to Europe."

Mr. Ottman—"Who was I talking to the other day?"

Specks—"The absolute absence of your reasoning faculties is a disgrace to the hitherto unblemished name of our place of learning commonly called a school."

Miss Lair---(to class) "You must get quiet."
Sophomore---"Where will we get it? I can't find any here."

Miss Ross—"You have to be close to some things to enjoy them."

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There was a young man named Izzie,
Who went for a drink in his Lizzie.
His view of the train
Was obscured by the rain
Alas for poor Izzie, where is he?

Traveling man at Oak Restaurant.—"You say that they are going to raise the Army and Navy?"
Waiter—"No, no! I say, do you prefer roast beef and gravy?"

She—"Oh, look at that fat boy, the big bear."
He—"No, that's no bear; that's Wolfe."

"When Lot's wife looked back," said the Bible teacher, what happened to her?"
"She was transmuted into chloride of sodium," answered the boy with goggles.

First Girl—"How does the football team get clean after a game?"
Second Girl—"Why, didn't you know? They have a scrub team?"

Mr. Gowdy—"Who plays tonight?"
Bod O'Brien—"Ansonia Normal and Versailles."
Mr. Gowdy (to class)—"Here is a good opportunity to get a good bargain."

Mr. Gowdy's Latin Class.
Mr. Gowdy—"Jimmy translate this sentence and notice the fine Latin structure."
Jimmy—"Yes, it is altogether too fine for me."

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The Excuse.

The boy stood on the carpet,
And the "prof" with ignorant stare,
Asked why the boy was tardy,
And he said, "Please sir, I was not here."

The "prof" bellowed forth,
"That's not excuse enough,
And what I want to know is
"Where did you get that stuff?"

The boy stood meek as a lamb,
Stood mopping at his brow,
Tried to think up a plan,
To stop this awful row.

At last a thought did strike him,
A wicked stunning blow;
He said, "The reason I was late,
The street car was too slow."

The "prof" gulped once,
And once again in time,
And marked a white excuse
ON TIME.

GEORGE WHITE

Mr. Allen—"How was Alexander II killed?'
Martha M.—"By a bomb."
Mr. Allen—"How do you account for that?"
Martha M.—"It exploded."

Mr. Allen—(in U. S. History, pointing to the note-books,) "Save your backs, you may need them next semester."

Miss Morris to pupil—"What kind of distances do we have in Geometry?"
Pupil—"Equidistants" (?)

Mr. Warner—Margaret, when do farmers take in tobacco?"
Margaret—(thinking for a short time) "O! I know! During Fair Week!"

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Lucille Markwith—"Macbeth saw four apprehensions" (meaning apparitions.)

Maurice R. in English II.—" He was a very 'sourcastic' (sarcastic) man."

Ralph Wiebusch (innocently)—"Mr. Kessler, what is an eight-day alarm clock?"
Mr. K.—"Why it's a clock that runs eight days without winding."
R. W.—"Then how long will it run if you wind it?"

Mr. Allen in Civics—"What is the most industrial city in Ohio?"
B. Huffman—"Chicago."

C. Fox to Peg Cooke—"Say, tell me why do boys wear large watches and girls, small ones?"
Peg—"Because boys like to have a big time."

Ruth Riegel—(In Ancient History).
Mr. Rohleder—"By whom was Caesar murdered?"
Ruth—"By Ides in March." (Ides in March meaning the fifteenth of March.)

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In conclusion the Staff quotes the following lines with apologies to the English teachers.

"I wish I was a little rock
Sittin' on a hill;
Doin' nothing all day long
But just a sittin' still.
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash;
I'd just sit there the whole day long
And rest myself—By Gosh"

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